National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXX. NO. 23. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869. WHOLE NO. 1,529.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

CRUELTIES INFLICTED UPON CHILDREN.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

In New York City, Mr. Bergh started and superintends a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and great benefits have resulted therefrom to the dumb, suffering creatures for whom that good man has lifted up his voice. There is likewise needed a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." The men who whip, stone and maim animals, are no less cruel to the helpless children placed in their power. "Are they not our own," say they, "to do with as we please? Who has any right to interfere?" Even the instinct of paternity is faint in such natures, compared with a savage love of control; and children are puny reeds in their hands, to be bent or broken as they will. In our towns and cities, and in the free, broad country, the air is too often rent with the anguished cry of the young, who call in vain for pity when blows of ferocious anger or wanton cruelty bruise and lacerate their quivering flesh, from hands that should be their shield. Mute and defenceless are these poor little ones; let us speak for them, and claim compassion and protection.

It has been thought rash, and almost irreligious, to interfere with parental authority; and, strange to say, while plans have been formed and systems instituted for the government of adults, no regular method has by mutual consent been adopted in the families of civilized States for the government of children. It is left entirely to the wisdom or folly, the judgment or caprice, of parents and guardians. Consequently we see all varieties of management, from that utter lack of parental restraint, which results in domestic chaos, to the despotic control which makes a trembling slave of every child in the family group. On one hand, foolishly fond parents pamper and indulge their offspring till selfishness, ingratitude and arrogance take possession of their young hearts; on the other, full sweep is given by child-owners to passionate and cruel impulses, till children become broken-spirited, or hardened into like brutal beings.

Of course there is a vast body of enlightened men and women who avoid each of these two extremes, and aim to govern their children according to the law of God written on the heart; but even these would do well to pause now and then, and consider the nature of the young beings entrusted to their care. The sensitive feelings of the little ones are often needlessly and severely wounded by thoughtless reproofs in presence of others, which hurt them like blows; or they are subjected to what is called "teasing," by older children and adults, which mortifies and exasperates them. Babes are indulged in actions and sayings which, when older, they are punished for; and not unfrequently on innocent children is laid the burden of a life-long, bitter memory of unjust accusation and punishment. People govern according to their moods and caprices, and to-day pass indifferently or mirthfully over a childish offence, which to-morrow they severely reprove. Without question or thought they assume to understand thoroughly each young soul. "You would play upon me," said Hamlet; "you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery. * * Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" Recklessly and rudely do too many dare to handle that mysterious and complicated instrument, the child-nature. What wonder that, like unskilled players on the pipe, they bring forth only discord?

There is a key-note to which the young spirit ever quickly and sweetly responds, and that is affection. A child knows its friends. Take the merest toddling babe into a room full of strangers, and it at once feels the mysterious tie of sympathy which links it to some loving heart, and to that alone it clings. Love is more strong and enduring than fear. Mayhap we all remember, with a warm heart-throb, some gentle teacher whose loving glance of encouragement won us to greater achievements than another instructor could have driven us to by the utmost severity. Love is the universal solvent. We know not what we lose when we neglect to cultivate between ourselves and the young souls we have in charge that divine quality by which alone we can balance and compass them. From the dark of their inexperience they reach out to us for light and sympathy. The child-heart has its keen, fresh joys, which it would have you share and respond to by the kindly glance and smile; and it has, too, its sorrows, real and intense, which only wise, tender love can cure. Pass not lightly over the deep questions of the sweet, eager, infant-voice. Turn not coldly away from the bright enthusiasm of the childish prattler. Deceive not the trusting little heart by unmeant promises. Thrust not from you the poor child at that moment of convulsive grief, which to you trivial, is to it unendurable. Hold back the hand of passion from the tender flesh of your darling, lest a memory of the grieved look, the pain and terror, turn and rend you. Let us lead gently by the hand these little pilgrims who grope amid fathomless mysteries; let us wisely guide and tenderly guard them. They will reveal to us their whole hearts, and as we listen to their lisping utterances, we shall be reminded of the trust and innocence of the sinless world.

Should we, then, relinquish the government of our children? By no means. They have wayward impulses which must be checked; they have faults which must be corrected. They will show from time to time we know not what strange and froward tendencies. It will require the utmost moral strength sometimes to restrain in ourselves the impatience and vexation which will arise in view of their heedlessness and perversity. But until we have gained this mastery over our own impulses, we can never savingly control even the most reckless and obstinate child. "If I am willful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will, and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me." Neither torture of the body nor mind will bring a wayward child to his better self so surely as the calm, wise influence of a self-regulated elder nature. And when men and women shall have attained their full moral stature, the whips and gyves which now lacerate the bodies and harden the hearts of juvenile delinquents, will give way everywhere to the sway of corrective and saving love.

We are still far enough from this ideal state. There is much talk of abolishing corporal punishment in schools, and while many teachers would gladly acquiesce in such an arrangement, they feel that the difficulty lies further back than their authority extends. The law and public opinion give those who have charge of children out of schools unlimited license to chastise them by flogging. The one hundred thousand miserable waifs, for instance, that belong among the poverty-stricken and vicious of New York city, fifteen thousand of whom "are daily and nightly roaming our streets, and ripening with fearful rapidity for the prison, the poor-house, or the gallows," are habituated to obedience only through fear of the lash. Should teachers alone be required to govern this juvenile mob by "moral suasion?" Should parents in any station expect teachers to undo their primary work, and perform the herculean task of bringing into control by moral force, the young beings whom they have demoralized and imbruted by savage methods of correction? By all means let corporal punishment be banished from schools, but let it first be banished from families. Let parents and foster-parents learn to govern themselves, and they will soon be able to refrain from the cruel inflictions which follow in the wake of fierce impulses.

It might reasonably be thought that admonition on this score to civilized people is superfluous—that parental love in this enlightened age is a perfect guaranty against the abuse of childhood. Would that it were so. Would that we did not know that respectable and influential citizens exist who make of home a pandemonium, by indulging within its sacred precincts in outbreaks of fiery passion, and scourge with unrestrained cruelty the terror-stricken little ones who have offended. If this may occur among the sane and upright, what takes place, think you, in houses where the vicious and intemperate dwell? God help the wretched wives and children of habitual drunkards! Though not always savage they are oftenest so, and in their fits of demonic frenzy, helpless women are battered and butchered, and innocent children beaten, bruised, and mangled to death. A step lower, and mothers, as well as fathers, steep their senses in the maddening bowl, and turn with insane fury upon their offspring. More than this, there would almost seem, for the past few years, to have prevailed a mania for committing crimes of the most unparalleled atrocity upon young and unoffending children. Victimized by fiendish passion, many a dear little girl has suffered horrible agony and death; while avarice and cold-blooded cruelty have subjected sad-hearted orphans to prolonged tortures worse than death, under the mockery of foster-parentage. The savage instincts which once ruled the world are still too strong to allow of the unlimited exercise of irresponsible power by the adult population of this or any other country. Hence the State should protect its children. Their wrongs should no longer blacken our records. Punishments by torture and the lash should be abolished by the strong hand of public justice; and the benevolent should establish "Societies for the prevention of cruelty to children."—*Banner of Light.*

"FRIENDS" AMONG THE INDIANS.

From the Friends' Intelligencer.

PAWNEE AGENCY, GENOA, Platte Co., Na., 9th Mo. 12th, 1869.

* * * Our Reservation is thirty miles long from east to west, and fifteen wide from north to south, on both sides of the Loupe Fork River. The land is admirable for farming and grazing, the soil being from one to twenty-three feet deep before reaching the subsoil, and extremely fertile. There is plenty of timber for the use of the Indians and employés, a steam saw and grist mill, blacksmith and tinshop, trading post, agency and council house, barn and farm buildings, houses for the employés, and a good large brick school-house about 33 by 128 feet, two stories high, with basement for kitchen, dining room, etc. At present there are about sixty pupils, under the care and excellent management of Elvira G. Platt, but I think the prospect is to increase the number of pupils soon. These are clothed by the agent, and board at the school, having but little intercourse with the wild Indians in the two Indian villages, about one mile distant from our village. All the pupils of the school have Christian names. Among them is an Abraham Lincoln and a Ulysses Grant.

The Pawnees are in a far more uncivilized state than I expected to find them. Very few of them can speak English, and from what I can learn they have become demoralized by their intercourse with the whites, copying nearly all their vices, and but few of their virtues; this I attribute in a great measure to the class of men who have had charge of the Indians for many years, and who took but little if any interest in their improvement and advancement in civilization or Christianization. The Pawnees, however, have one redeeming trait; I have not seen one nor heard of any using intoxicating liquors; indeed the people generally out here are remarkably clear of this terrible evil. Since I have been in Nebraska, I have seen but three men under the influence of liquor, and they white men; and in Columbus, the county town, the three principal hotels do not sell intoxicating liquors, which speaks well for this country. There are about 3000 Pawnees here, who all live in two villages in sight of the Agency. Their lodges are built with poles put up and covered with dirt, having a doorway and a small opening at the top for the smoke to escape, but no windows of any kind. These lodges are circular and about twenty-five feet in diameter, several families living in one, having one open fire in the centre. They are divided into four bands, each band having one head chief and three subordinate chiefs, and then one of the sixteen chiefs is head chief of the Nation. Each band has also quite a number of *braves* or soldiers. The Skeedees live in a village by themselves, and the Kittkahaws, Chowees, and Petre-Howedes live in a village together about half a mile from the former. These Indians mostly paint themselves very much. The men use very little covering except a small piece of blue or scarlet squaw-cloth around the middle, and a red, white or blue blanket, or buffalo robe, thrown over them. The squaws are more decently clad. They generally have squaw-cloth leggings, with a skirt of the same material coming down to the knees, and a blanket around the shoulders. Very few have any covering for the head of any kind. They all use a great many feathers, furs and beadwork as ornaments, when in their holiday dress. They own a vast number of ponies, the prairies being fairly dotted with them; some of them own as many as fifty, but none keep a cow, a pig or a chicken. The squaws lead a slavish life and do all the work. They cultivate all the corn by hand, never using a plough or harrow, although they have several hundred acres (it is thought by some 1700) in corn, beans and pumpkins—their only vegetables. The squaws also cut and bring home all the wood, build the lodges, dress the skins and furs, weave or plait the mats, etc., etc. The men seem to think it beneath their dignity to do anything but make bows and arrows, hunt and trap game, and *smoke*. The squaws carry their pappooses on their backs, generally lashed to a fancifully ornamented board. These Indians have many good traits of character. They are affectionate and kind, very friendly to the whites, very amiable in their disposition, and are easily managed and governed. Of course there are some bad ones, who are very expert at pilfering little things, but will at once give anything up if you detect them. They are also very troublesome beggars.

We now have quite a number of Friends here. Our friend, Barclay Jones, who has lately arrived with a family of nine, has come to take charge of the mills. We hold a Friends' Meeting every First-day at the School, attended by all the pupils and *all* the employes—I think to the advantage of all.

Last Fifth day, the 9th inst., we had a novel occurrence here; two of our Indians were regularly married at an appointed meeting, by Friends' ceremony,—probably the first Indians ever married in this way. Annie Carr, the bride, about fifteen years old, was one of the school-girls, and the groom was a widdower from the village, with a long, Indian name. To him was given the name of Munson Day. At the meeting, all the pupils, the employes, several of the chiefs, the relatives and friends of the parties, our interpreter and others were present. When the bride and groom stood up, Jacob M. Troth repeated a few words at a time of the ceremony, which was translated by the interpreter, and repeated by the groom; but the bride said the ceremony very distinctly in English. Then Jacob read the certificate, and the interpreter repeated it; after which the groom touched the pen, while the agent wrote his name; but the bride wrote her own—Annie C. Day—she, according to custom, assuming the name of her husband. The chiefs present, the white people, and many of the pupils, signed the certificate as witnesses. It was a solemn, impressive marriage. Elvira Platt gave them some excellent advice, and mentioned that the groom had promised her that Annie should not work like the other Indian women, and that they would pay respect to the first day of the week, and try to get a house built and live like white people. Her address was also interpreted. The Pawnees in the villages work on First-days just as on other days. There is a great deal of sickness among them; quite a number are blind, and a great many have an affection of the eyes, caused by their mode of living; there is also much scrofula among them. The nearest doctor is at Columbus, twenty-two miles distant, and he charges $25 a visit, I am told. I fervently wish Government or some benevolent, kind-hearted individuals would send a doctor to our Reservation, and establish a small hospital; it would be a real object of charity and benevolence. I hope Friends will think of it. SAMUEL B. WALTON.

FROM MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 23d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WE have in this city a French "Republican Union," composed almost entirely of Refugees banished by Louis Napoleon on the occasion of his infamous butchery of the French Republic. It numbers about 1,200 and represents a population of over six thousand. A large proportion of them served in the Union army in the recent contest with slavery and rebellion, and all are genuine radicals. That Union is destined to exercise considerable influence upon the future politics of the city by forcing the Republican party to adopt a Radical policy to keep themselves in power.

The Union last evening celebrated the anniversary of the proclamation of the French Republic on the 22d of September, 1790. Cannons were fired, the red flag of the French Revolution, the tri-color flag of the revolution of 1848, were displayed with the American flag, and a fine band played popular French Republican airs. Col. C. E. Moss delivered an address in response to the sentiment, "*La Republic Universelle.*" Addresses were also delivered by Mr. St. Gem and others, and songs of a popular character were sung by some fine singers. Among the songs were several burlesquing the Emperor Napoleon, which were received with the wildest enthusiasm. The celebration was highly creditable to the Union and all those who participated in it. It is the intention of the Union to invite Wendell Phillips to lecture before it the coming winter.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

TEXAS.

BREAKING UP OF THE COLORED CHURCH AT COLUMBIA —MURDER OF A COLORED PREACHER.

From the Houston Union.

IN our last issue we published a full account of the outrages perpetrated upon colored people and white Republicans in Wharton County. To-day we are compelled to chronicle an account of an unprovoked and most horrible outrage and atrocity upon the congregation of a colored church in the town of Columbia, Brazoria County, by several young white men, said to belong to the "best families." They entered the church with six-shooters drawn, and proceeding to the pulpit, the leader of the gang levelling his pistol at the preacher, the Rev. S. Hardwell, said to him, "G——d d——n you, dry up." Hardwell thinking he was to be shot, caught the muzzle of the pistol, and threw it up just in time to prevent the contents from lodging in his body. At this instant a brother preacher named Perry, asked the ruffians if they intended to kill the preacher. He had no sooner got the words out of his mouth, than he was shot by a young man named Harry Mason. The confusion and excitement in the church at this juncture became intense, amid which, the young ruffians jumped out of the windows, mounted their horses and fled to the woods.

The Sheriff of the county made a weak effort to pursue them, but shortly came back and reported that the ruffians were so largely reinforced, that he did not dare to attack them with the small *posse* at his command. We learn these facts from Mr. Hardwell, the preacher mentioned above, whose life was only saved by a scratch.

We have no heart to comment upon such atrocities. We had supposed the Commanche Indians only were capable of such inhumanity, but when civilized men wantonly and barbarously take the life of a human being while in the act of worshipping his God, it is sickening to contemplate.

The usual farce of sending troops will be gone through with, no doubt, and the usual report, "we have been unable to make any arrests, and all is now quiet," will be sent to headquarters.

Loyal men are beginning to ask what has become of President Grant's promise to protect the humblest citizen in the enjoyment of his rights?

HAYTI.

SALNAVE'S ENTRY INTO THE CAPITAL—FORMAL RECEPTION OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Sept. 17.—On Monday, the 7th inst., our city was startled by the booming of cannon at Fort Bizaton, about three miles from the city, and soon after, amid great enthusiasm, President Salnave arrived, accompanied by a portion of his staff and a small detachment of troops. As he traversed the streets the populace gathered in such masses, and were so demonstrative in their expressions of affection, that it was with some difficulty that the party made their way to the Palace. The meeting between Gen. Chevallier and the President, old companions in exile as well as in the field, was enthusiastic and cordial, and as they clasped each other in arms, the scene was as affecting as it evidently was heartfelt on both sides. The following day the President formally accepted the resignation of his Cabinet, and appointed the following persons: Gen. Victorine Chevallier of Gonaives, Secretary of War and Navy; the Hon. D. Labonte of Port-au-Prince, Secretary of State and Foreign Affairs; the Hon. N. St. Armand of Gonaives, Secretary of the Treasury; the Hon. M. Hippolyte of Cape Hayti, Secretary of the Interior. All of these gentlemen are well known and esteemed.

Immediately after the appointment of the Government, the President communicated to the American Legation his readiness to accord an audience, and on the following day Mr. Hollister and Mr. Bassett presented themselves at the Palace at 4 o'clock, the hour designated—the former to present his letter of recall, and the latter his letter of credence. The audience took place in the grand reception hall of the National Palace. The President was surrounded by his Cabinet and military staff, and Messrs. Hollister and Basset by the attaches of the American Legation. Mr. Hollister, in presenting his letter of recall, made a few appropriate remarks, to which the President replied cordially, after which Mr. Bassett was formally introduced and placing in the hands of the President his letter of credence, delivered the following address:

MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor to place in the hands of your Excellency a letter of credence addressed to you by His Excellency, the President of the United States, and accrediting me as Minister Resident and Consul-General of the United States, near the Republic of Hayti, and I avail myself of the opportunity to fulfill a charge intrusted to me personally, as well as officially, by the President of the United States, and to assure your Excellency, in the name of the Government and people whom I have the honor to represent, of their sincere desire to cultivate the cordial relations now happily subsisting between the two Governments. The United States and Hayti were the two earliest Republics of the New World. First the one and then the other shook off the older systems of Government and adopted for themselves those higher forms which the grand march of the human race toward a homogeneous destiny must eventually vindicate to nations and peoples.

It has sometimes happened in the history of nations that great and liberal principles of government incorporated into the Constitution have seemed to lie temporarily inoperative. This has been the case with my own country; it may be so with others. But I pray your Excellency to observe that I am sent here in the official capacity named in my letter of credence, partly to give assurance, by my presence, of the practical recognition of a great principle in the United States—the principle for which your ancestors were among the first in the New World to contend, when they founded the Haytian Republic, and by which all classes of men under the broad shield of my Government stand equal before the law. And now, in delivering to your Excellency my letter of credence, I desire to express the hope that the two nations may continue to march side by side in a career of enlightenment and civilization.

Your Excellency, I am of the same ancestral origin as yourself and the people over whom you preside, and I offer this as an additional guarantee of my cordial desire, during my residence near your Government, to strengthen between the two Republics the friendly intercourse which my predecessors have so successfully cultivated.

To this the President made the following reply:

MR. MINISTER RESIDENT: The words you have just pronounced have found their echo in the bottom of my heart. I experience an inexpressible satisfaction in the fact that the Government of the United States has chosen one of its honorable citizens of our race to represent it near my Government. Hayti, always anxious to take her place at the grand banquet of civilization, is making every effort to reach that position. Although during my administration civil war, provoked by ambition and malice, has not ceased to rend the bosom of my country, I nevertheless propose to prove to the world that my only object is to reestablish order in my country and to promote her happiness. I will also use my best endeavors to maintain the harmony, good understanding, and friendly relations which exist between the Great Powers and my Government, particularly with the United States of America. I hope to find in you the same friendly sentiments that your honorable predecessor has manifested toward me; and I pray you to believe that I have regret in seeing him recalled, as well as pleasure in receiving you. I pray you to express to your Government the great satisfaction which I feel at your appointment to this high charge, and to convey to His Excellency, Gen. Grant, your illustrious President, the assurance of all the sympathy and esteem that I cherish for him.

At the conclusion of the audience refreshments were served, and a friendly conversation ensued; during which the President reiterated his satisfaction in having near his government a representative of his own race as representative of the great republic of the North. As Messrs. Bassett and Hollister were leaving the palace, the American flag was hoisted on the flag-staff in the palace grounds, and a salute of 27 guns fired. A detachment of the President's staff acted as a guard of honor on leaving the palace gates.

OUTLAWRY.

ARMED RESISTANCE TO UNITED STATES AUTHORITY—A SERGEANT TERRIBLY WOUNDED.

From the Corinth (Miss.) Republican.

ON the 11th instant information was lodged at the military headquarters at this city that depredations were being committed on peaceable white citizens and freedmen, by armed bands of outlaws, in the vicinity of Baldwyn, this county, and protection was asked for. The commandant immediately ordered a squad of five soldiers, under charge of Sergeant Howard, to repair to the scene of the difficulties, arrest the ringleaders, and bring them here for trial. On arriving at the place designated, Sergeant Howard arrested a man who was said to be implicated in the disturbances, and placed him under guard of a corporal and two men, while he proceeded further on, accompanied by two soldiers, to the house of a man, whose name we have not learned, who was said to be the leader of the band. Arriving at the house, or rather, at the cabin—for it was one of those miserable structures, composed of logs and mud, without windows—he knocked at the door, demanding admittance. The cabin was full of men, who, on hearing the summons, began bustling and preparing for flight and resistance. The Sergeant repeated his summons, and was about to effect an entrance, when he was fired upon by a party, through a hole in the cabin, one ball passing through both cheeks, horribly mutilating him, and causing him to fall, almost insensible. While lying on the ground some half-dozen shots were fired at him, but fortunately without effect. The soldiers who accompanied the Sergeant succeeded in dragging him from his perilous situation to a place of safety, and on their return to the cabin found it deserted. The person arrested gave his name as Thompson, and is now in custody; what will be done with him we cannot conjecture; we will, however, keep the readers of the *Republican* thoroughly posted on this and on other matters of local interest which may occur from week to week.

Sergeant Howard is in a precarious condition, but it is thought he may recover.

Some active measures should be taken to rid the country of these dangerous men, and the sooner they are made to feel the strong arm of the law, the sooner peace and quiet will be restored to our State."

THE KU-KLUX IN HUDSON, N. Y.

DASTARDLY ASSAULT AND RIOT—A COLORED EXCURSION PARTY ATTACKED IN HUDSON.

From the Columbia Republican.

ON Thursday last a small company of colored people from Albany, including a delegation of Odd Fellows, composed of respectable and fine appearing men, in full regalia of their order, visited this city on a pleasure excursion. They were received and entertained by the Hudson Lodge of Colored Odd Fellows and remained at a ball held in the evening. About 1 o'clock Friday morning they started to go on board the steamer *Seneca*, which brought them here, to return home. While passing through Front street the company were assaulted in a most murderous manner with stones, brick-bats and other missiles, and compelled to flee for their lives. Even after reaching the boat the assault was kept up, and a large amount of damage done. A number of pistol shots were also heard during the assault, but whether fired by the assailants or in defence is not yet ascertained.

From all we have been able to learn it was one of the most outrageous and high-handed offences against law and order that has ever disgraced any city. The attack was wholly unprovoked and unlooked for. It was made upon peaceable men and women returning to their homes after a friendly visit, without excuse or palliation of any sort. So far as we know there has been no effort made to obtain the names even of the assailants.

Now we call upon Mayor Rogers to offer a reward of at least $1,000 for the apprehension of one or more of the parties engaged in this riotous assault. A similar outrage upon a peaceable procession in the streets on the 5th of July was allowed to pass without investigation, and we are beginning to reap the bitter fruits. Let no pains be spared to detect and punish the guilty wretches, whoever they may be.

THE QUAKER INDIAN AGENCIES.

THEIR OPERATIONS DESCRIBED.

E. PAINTER, a Quaker agent for the Indians in Nebraska, writes from Omaha under date of August 3d:

"In the Omaha tribe of Indians there are nine chiefs, holding office during life or good behavior. They are appointed by the agent, and subject to removal by him at any time. It has been a time-honored custom to make treaties with the Indian chiefs on behalf of the tribe which they represent—a practice which has been most sorrowfully abused. It is common on all occasions of importance to call a council of the chiefs to consult with the agent, when it is expected that the chiefs will represent the wishes of the tribe in general in relation to the matter under consideration. Occasionally, however, the whole tribe is summoned to meet in council, as in case of taking a census of the people, or in matters where individual interests are specially concerned. At this agency there is a room provided specially for holding councils, but in warm weather the Indians sometimes prefer meeting in some shady place in the open air, where they take their seats on the grass facing the agent and interpreter, who sit near together.

"One of the most important subjects, or rather the most important subject recently considered in council, is that of the allotment of the Indian lands in severalty, under the treaty of 1865 by which each head of a family is entitled to hold in his or her own individual right one hundred and sixty acres of land; while to every male adult of the tribe, of eighteen years and upward, forty acres is the portion assigned. This allotment is now in progress on the reservation, forty-nine farms having been already surveyed, and corner-stones affixed to designate the boundaries of each. This movement inaugurates a new era in the history of Indian affairs, and if successfully accomplished is destined, as I fully believe, to arrest the otherwise inevitable tendency of the race to complete extermination. An equitable division of these lands is almost if not quite impracticable, owing to the unequal distribution of timber and supplies of running water, besides variety in the situations and equality of the soil. The allotment has been proceeded in on the basis of preference to priority of claim; notice having previously been given to the Indians to make their own selections, which have been indicated by a pen of logs or stakes driven in the ground, or in some cases the tepees set up and occupied by the claimant.

"So far the work has gone on prosperously, and though in some cases several claimants have aspired to the possession of the same tract, yet they have thus far uniformly agreed to relinquish in favor of one claimant, and I incline to the belief that it would have required at least ten years of litigation on the part of white people, in what is called a Christian community, to have adjusted the same number of claims to a valuable property thus held in common.

"These Indians are now beginning to appreciate the advantages of individual ownership of the land, so that each can realize the benefits of his own industry and thrift, and be exempt from being preyed upon by the indolent and improvident.

"One evil still remains, which is most unjust and oppressive; the accountability of the tribe for the acts of lawless individuals whose deeds they cannot control.

"To enclose 334 farms with fences and build a cottage for each, to say nothing of stabling and other outbuildings, the digging of wells for water, etc., is no small undertaking. Still it can be done by a proper appropriation of money and the right direction of labor, and that in a short time. The old tribal character of the Indians must be broken up, or their total extinction is inevitable. The chase must be abandoned as a means of subsistence. The plough, the loom and the anvil must be substituted for the bow and arrow and the quick, sharp crack of the deadly rifle. Intellectual light must break in upon the dark recesses of ignorance and superstition; while the benign influence of the Christian religion will, I trust, console the poor Indian with hope that his last days will be his best days."

THE DENT MOVEMENT.

From the Chicago Republican.

NOT long ago we developed the ambuscade hidden in the Dent movement in Mississippi. We stigmatized it as a scheme to betray the Republican party with a Judas kiss, for the purpose of giving control of the State Government into the hands of the ex-rebels, who could then enact high-sounding, fair-appearing, liberal-voiced laws, with the intention of evading or perverting their provisions in practice, under judicial and executive forms. We see no reason to change our views of the situation. On the contrary, they are strengthened and confirmed by recent developments. A single sample will suffice for illustration. Maj. J. L. Wofford, editor of the Corinth *News*, has received the Congressional nomination in the First District from the Dent party. His *confreres* of the press, in congratulating him on the honorable and high position accorded to him in the canvass, display unwittingly the animus which gives life and energy to the Dent programme. Thus, one journal commits itself to the following eulogium, which it no doubt considers the climax of compliment:

"Maj. J. L. Wofford, the nominee of the Conservative Republican party for Congress, from this District, is a gentleman in every way qualified for the position. His fealty to his native South none can question. When war's wild alarm sounded through the land, and the invader, with hostile banners, reached our borders, he was among the first of the gallant sons of this land of the sun to meet them and resist their onward march, and none bore more proudly and gallantly the banner of the 'Lost Cause' upon many an ensanguined battle-field, than this gentleman. He was one of the first to enlist under, and the last to abandon, the cause of the Confederacy."

This sounds far more like a first-class puff bestowed by the La Crosse *Democrat* upon a true grey Copperhead, than Republican encomium showered upon a repentant rebel who has abandoned the error of his ways, and entered into the fold of the faithful. What would be thought here in Chicago, if the People's party should present for the suffrages of our municipal electors a candidate about whom such things could not only be said, but were actually urged by way of commendation and support? But the above *patriotic* services are not, in the eyes of his eulogizer, nearly all of Maj. Wofford's claims upon the *loyal* people of Mississippi; so he continues the list after this fashion:

"When the *thing* called a Convention framed an instrument of oppression, called a Constitution, far in excess of the requirements of Congress, and submitted it to the people of the State, and they justly and properly refused to ratify it, Maj. Wofford, although thinking perhaps it would have been better for the people to have accepted the Constitution, when the Committee of Sixteen endeavored to induce Congress to force that instrument upon an unwilling people by false assertions and slanders upon the people of the State, true to his manly impulses and from his love of a republican form of government, which recognizes and respects the will of the sovereign people, opposed their unholy and wicked scheme notwithstanding their triumph would have given him a seat in the Forty-first Congress, thus giving indubitable proof of the fact that he loved his people and country better than office. For months, almost single-handed and alone, he struggled and battled with the vandals, and finally triumphed with Congress; and the enemies of the State, discomfitted, were driven from Washington, and the Constitution, shorn of many of its objectionable features, was re-submitted to the people for their action."

These are certainly very small attractions in a candidate, so far as they aim to secure Republican votes, though they may and do commend him strongly to Dent's partisans. It is not difficult to understand the nature, bearings and purposes of a political organization which cherishes such sentiments, and glorifies in such words and such deeds. What makes it worse is that the indorsement from which we have copied, is not merely unsolicited praise from a journal which has not upon it the smell of reconstruction, but has evidently been accepted with thanks by the recipient for it reappears conspicuously in his own journal.

The fact is, this Dent movement is nothing less than unadulterated Democracy, assuming the name and wearing the clothes of the Republican party. It is significant that its cognomen is Conservative, for that is the favorite designation by which the ex-rebels long ago christened themselves. When, in Alabama, in Georgia, in Louisiana, in Mississippi, the reactionists were marshaling their forces to defeat the reconstructive Constitutional Convention, and afterward to prevent the ratification of the organic laws therein framed, the title under which they organized and fought was Conservative. The word is synonymous with Democratic, and the Dent party might just as appropriately dub itself Democratic Republican as Conservative Republican, for the two embody a distinction without a difference. As for the platform which the organization has adopted, it sounds liberally enough, but as to that, so does the resolution about the extinction of slavery which forms one of the planks in the platform of the Wisconsin Democracy. But it is not, in rural phrase, "all talk and no cider" that we want—not a dead body of words, but the spirit which vivifies and makes it noble and efficient. If we should symbolize the Dent movement, we should describe it as the head of a fox, with the eyes of a lynx, the scent of a bloodhound, the tongue of a parrot, and the instincts of a wolf, cemented to the decaying body of a jackass.

THE CASE OF GEORGIA.

From the Chicago Tribune.

THERE seems to be a disposition in some quarters to hold that the decision of the Supreme Court of Georgia—that negroes are eligible to seats in the Legislature—does not involve the restoration to that body of the colored members, who were, according to this decision, unlawfully expelled from their seats. It is true, as a rule, that the Legislature, like the Executive, is an independent judge of the law for itself, and cannot be coerced by judiciary process into any obedience to judicial decisions. If the question rested on the authority of the Supreme Court of Georgia alone, the Legislature, remaining still, as before, the sole judge of the qualifications of its own members, might legally refuse to restore the expelled members to their seats. It may be that the present Legislature cannot, technically, be compelled in any event to take that action. But the evil has a remedy in another direction.

Before the case was decided by, or perhaps even submitted to, the Supreme Court, in December last, General Butler had introduced in Congress a bill "to set aside the State Government of Georgia and enforce the Fourteenth Amendment." The Representatives of Georgia had been admitted in the House before the expulsion of the colored members by the Legislature of Georgia, and on the assumption that they, having been admitted to seats on the organization of the Georgia Legislature, would continue undisturbed in the exercise of their functions as members. But for once the proverbial slowness of the Senate operated favorably; and when Messrs. Hill and Miller, Senators-elect, asked admission, the committee reported against them, on the ground that the Legislature of Georgia, in expelling its colored members, "had failed to comply with the Reconstruction acts of Congress, and therefore, had no right to representation in the Senate of the United States."

Mr. Boutwell then introduced a resolution of like effect in the House, which, if passed, would have expelled the Georgia members, who had taken their seats. Meanwhile, the Georgia Legislature, doubtful of the legality of their course, had under consideration a resolution *referring the*

whole question to the courts for decision. They sent agents to Washington, at whose solicitation Gen. Grant persuaded Mr. Boutwell to hold his resolution in suspense until the Georgia Legislature could submit the legality of their action to the courts, alleging that "the State would abide by the decision of the courts." But for this interposition of Gen. Grant the Georgia members of the House would then have been expelled. The Georgia Legislature passed the resolution referring the question to the courts, and, in consequence thereof, Georgia secured the sufference of her members in the House until its adjournment. It is plain, therefore, that, if the Georgia Legislature should, on reassembling, break the faith under which its members have been suffered to sit in Congress, and should refuse to abide by the decision of their own Georgia courts, and to put it in force by reinstating the ejected colored members, the House of Representatives will pass the resolutions now pending therein to the effect that Georgia has not complied with the Reconstruction acts, and that its Representatives are not entitled to seats in the House. This will unseat the Georgia members, and leave Congress free to proceed with whatever legislation it may deem necessary for the reconstruction of the State. The perfidists of the Georgia Legislature will gain nothing by their perfidy.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post-paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

CASTE.

WE print this week an account of the official reception of Hon. E. D. Bassett, as the duly accredited Minister of the United States, by Gen. Salnave, President of the Republic of Hayti. We put these brief addresses on record as marking an important epoch in the struggle for equal freedom for the colored people of this country. That Mr. Bassett, though a colored man, is a creditable representative of the American people, his address will afford sufficient assurance to such as did not previously know him. The mission to which he is appointed is not first-class, but it is nevertheless of no little importance. We welcomed the appointment by President Grant, and are glad to be able to place it to his credit. It is a concession, of the right of colored men, otherwise competent, to act in a representative capacity for the whole American people, for the whites as well as the colored. It is an important step forward,—a valuable precedent gained. One of its chief advantages will be to render still more apparent the injustice of continuing longer the class distinction which yet prevails here in political, religious, and social circles, simply on the ground of complexional difference.

If a colored man may be a Foreign Minister why may he not vote at the polls on an equality with other American citizens? Mr. Bassett is a Pennsylvanian, yet if he were at home and attempted to vote next Tuesday in his ward in Philadelphia, he would be rudely turned away from the ballot-box, and very likely assaulted by Mayor Fox's copperhead police for presuming to approach it. What a confession for him to make abroad to the people to whom he is accredited! What a sham and a pretence the boasted republicanism and so-called christian civilization of Pennsylvania, is seen to be brought out by the magic touch-stone of the negro! Nor is Pennsylvania an exception to the general rule.

The paramount national issue, pending at the present time, is the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment whether it shall be ratified, and become a part of the fundamental law of the land. It simply recognizes the equal political rights of the people of this country, irrespective of difference of color. So strong and all prevading is the caste spirit that the success of the obviously just measure is a question of painful and increasing uncertainty. The former woman-whipping, cradle-plundering "Democracy" resist to-day the enfranchisement of the colored people with satanic enthusiasm kindred to that with which they defended slave-holding and slave-hunting in the past. They are sorely pressed by hungry political necessities in some localities, and have seeming differences, but they essentially one in spirit and purpose against the colored people. Many Republicans are tainted with the same caste spirit, and hence the present doubt which attends the Fifteenth Amendment. The new Constitution of this State, which proposes to abolish the invidious property qualification for colored voters, is almost certain to be defeated by the opposing votes of both Rebel-Democrats and Conservative Republicans. In Ohio, where men who are *less than half white* are disfranchised, and more immediate responsibility rests upon the voters than in any other State in the Union, a well-informed resident advises us that while the Copperheads are on the alert, many Republicans are indifferent, and apathetic, and that though Pendleton may be defeated, a negro-hating Legislature is very likely to be chosen to vote against the Fifteenth Amendment. So powerful still is the sway of the caste spirit in American politics.

Nor is the case relatively better in religious circles. Much as we have occasion to criticise the short comings of President Grant, in failing to give due protection to the colored people of the South, in their present painful transition experience, he is eminently Christian compared with the representatives of the pulpits and popular religious journals of the country on this question of caste. While the fever heat of the war lasted, there were a considerable number of clergymen and editors of religious journals who were quickened to preach and write about "politics" and in some measure to plead for the rights of the colored people. To-day nearly all have fallen back into the old deathly stupor. What is it to them that the rights of a race are trembling in the balance, likely to be yet many years longer withheld?—that colored preachers at the South, offensive to the former slave owners, because influential among their brethren as supporters of the loyal party, are ruthlessly murdered, even while preaching to their congregations?—that intelligent, highly respectable colored men and women are thrust from steamboat cabins, and first-class railway cars, denied access to most of the best hotels, exiled from respectable places of amusement, refused equal educational facilities, and everywhere socially ostracised and persecuted? Nothing. As a charity, some ministers and church members do send old clothes and tracts to the freed people, and some do well in helping on the cause of education among them, sustaining brave, heroic, self-sacrificing teachers. Even this charitable interest in behalf of the colored people has greatly fallen off during the past two years. But while giving charity with one hand, these same clergymen and church members, with a few honorable exceptions, go to communion tables, break bread and drink wine, with the worst negro-haters as fellow Christians! Such christianity is a sham and a mockery in the sight of God. Justice and mercy should go hand in hand. The church mantle upon the shoulders of the supporters of the caste iniquity does more than all else combined to perpetuate that iniquity. An unbeliever in the Divinity of Jesus as a matter of speculative opinion, can have no fellowship in popular, orthodox churches, while a negro-hater, one who crucifies Jesus continually in the persons of his colored brethren, is received with open arms and his Christian character cordially endorsed before the world. Thus it was in the days of chattel slavery. Though chattelism has been abolished the relation of the popular religion of the country remains essentially unchanged towards the colored people. The caste prejudice, of which chattelism was a grosser expression, continues. It is with this that churches, clergymen and religious newspapers ought to, but, with a few exceptions, do not grapple. Even the New York *Independent*, the leading orthodox, religious newspaper of the country, with a better record in the past, has, we believe, passed the entire summer editorially silent in the presence of the fearful injustice and murderous outrages of which the colored people of the South have been and continue to be the victims.

Though the changes of the past few years have been many and important, illustrated in one aspect, by the official position occupied by Mr. Bassett, yet while the political proscription continues, with a silent acquiescence in the ostracism of colored people by churches, the clergy and the religious press, we shall neither have achieved true republicanism, or a Christian civilization worthy the name.

HORTICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

IN a late number we printed, and commended to the favorable consideration of our readers, a plan of a Horticultural School for Girls, from the pen of Miss Emma Marwedel. Miss Marwedel is an intelligent, cultivated, practical German woman, who has come to this country with the purpose of founding a school for girls, in which they may be thoroughly, experimentally, educated for horticultural pursuits. The details briefly recapitulated, are as follows:

There is a necessity of enlarging the field of labor for women; of providing healthful employment for them; of depleting overcrowded cities; of teaching women to coöperate in their labor; and of educating them to become capable housewives for farmers. A means of accomplishing these ends would be the establishment of coöperative horticultural schools for girls. Such schools should commence to work on a small scale, with small capitals, and should make use of all the labor capital at command.

To this end, the institution should organize within itself a well-ordered business by means of the practical labor of the pupils, who should be employed in profitable occupations—such as cultivating delicate vegetables, fruit, berries, and flowers; collecting seeds, making pickles, and preserving fruit, arranging bouquets and wreaths, and perhaps in preparing and arranging hanging vases and flower baskets. There can also be united to these the raising of bees and silk-worms, and other kindred things.

A dwelling-house with twelve or thirteen rooms, a barn, about thirty or forty acres of land, and a green-house should be obtained. There should also be in attendance a matron, a gardener, a female servant, a gardener's assistant, and the necessary household furniture and implements. During the winter there should be teachers of theoretical branches of study, such as botany and entomology, agricultural economy and chemistry, practical drawing, chorus singing, and some foreign language.

As pupils are admitted free, and also have their board and washing gratis, they must bind themselves not to leave before the end of the time agreed upon. As soon as the institution becomes self-supporting, and there is a surplus of money, each pupil is to receive such a portion of it as corresponds to the work she has performed. The pupils must also bind themselves to fulfil their duties thoroughly and conscientiously.

With a competent, efficient manager, and such we believe Miss Marwedel herself would be, we have no doubt the enterprise would prove, in practice, successful, and an agency of great public usefulness. Miss Marwedel has already gained for it the confidence and enlisted the hearty coöperation of Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth Peabody and others well known to the American public. On Thursday of last week she attended a meeting of the New York Fruit Grower's Club, where her plan for a Horticultural School was presented and discussed. It awakened much interest, and a resolution was unanimously adopted expressive of the full approbation and cordial sympathy of the Club. The announcement was made that President White, and Mr. Cornell of Cornell Uuiversity, have offered to present to Miss Marwedel several acres of good land adjoining the University farm, at Ithica, N. Y., for her proposed school, and also to afford to the girls who may become students therein full and free advantages of the University lectures. This is a very timely, encouraging offer and it will doubtless be promptly accepted.

Mr. A. S. Fuller, a leading, practical horticulturist, an associate editor of *Hearth and Home*, and an active member of the N. Y. Fruit Grower's Club, said that the project had his hearty support. He was deeply interested in the subject of horticulture—and he thought that such a school, teaching the study theoretically as well as practically, would be calculated to awaken a wide-spread interest in the subject. It would call people's attention to it. In reply to the query, "Did he think that horticulturists and nurserymen would favor the project?" he replied that he thought they would. It would aid them in their own business. It was the most ordinary of occurrences to find, on asking a gardener the pedigree of a fruit, that he knew nothing whatever about it. He was so much interested in the subject, that he would agree to stock with plants as much land as Cornell University would give—an offer which met with hearty applause from the Club.

Capital for the necessary buildings, implements, etc., will be necessary, and this it is proposed to raise by shares, at the low price of one dollar each. Share-holders will be entitled to a dividend of surplus profits. We presume when the arrangements have been fully completed, satisfactory to Miss Marwedel, President White, Mr Cornell and others interested in the success of the enterprise, the needed capital will be easily secured.

Skilled labor in horticulture is in demand and well compensated. Much of it can be done as well by women, trained for it, as by men. In the absence of intelligent preparation for the work, there would be many failures among women, as there are under similer circumstances among men. We hail Miss Marwedel's enterprise as auspicious for the future of the girls and women who shall become interested in it and sharers of its benefits. It promises much in the way of improved physical health, in better compensation for skilled labor, and consequent increase of happiness for both men and women.

The Columbia Republican of Hudson, N. Y., gives an account of a recent prosecution in that city, at the instance of Mr. Bergh, the vigilant president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of a man named James Brennan for inhuman cruelty to a horse. The wretch in a fit of anger nearly tore the horse's tongue out of his mouth. It was so badly lacerated as to render it necessary to amputate what remained. The prisoner was sentenced to six months imprisonment and a fine of $50. *The Republican* very pertinently says: "It is time that everybody learned the lesson that even brutes have rights which their masters are bound to respect."

Would that somewhat of Mr. Bergh's commendable vigilance, and great executive ability, might be awakened in President Grant towards the Ku-Klux and murderous persecutors of the colored and white loyalists of the South!

THE *N. Y. Herald* informed, by its Washington correspondent of the arrest of the managers of the National Theatre, upon a warrant issued at the instance of colored men, makes the following characteristic comment:

SAMBO AT THE PLAY.—It seems the darkies in Washington have so much superfluous cash in their possession that they are making up a purse to contest in the courts the right of managers of theatres to prescribe where they shall sit. Truly the nigger is not much oppressed if he gets cash at that rate. We should not wonder if, when all their money is spent, it would come to just this—they have the same right to go to the theatre as any citizen has, but when there they must obey the rules of the establishment as other citizens do, and one of the rules is that they shall sit in allotted places."

The Herald, which knows well enough that no theatre establishment allots places to white patrons on any other basis than the amount paid for them, is still sick with the virus of its old disease, contracted in the days of slavery.

THEATRES and Churches alike have been, and to a great extent are still, in the habit of colonizing colored attendants by themselves in the least desirable portions of their audience rooms. A legal protest against this invidious distinction, we are glad to see, is about to be made in Washington, where there is a special ordinance prohibiting it. The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 3d, says:

"A test of the legality of a corporation ordinance of this city providing that no distinction shall be made on account of race or color in places of amusement or of resort, will soon be made here; three negroes were ejected from the dress circle of the National Theater last night during the progress of the play, and they refused to go to the quarter assigned them, and also to take the money which the manager offered to refund. They retired from the theatre, and it is said they intend to bring suit for damages."

MRS. FRANCES POWER COBBE, writing to the *Sorosis* of this city, of the progress of the Woman's Rights movement in Europe, says:

"The woman question is very strong all over the continent—so much so that an international magazine devoted to its development has been in contemplation. The two future Queens of Prussia and Italy are among its warmest friends, as you are perhaps aware, and would head their respective national societies. We trust to make an immense step here this year by carrying the Married Women's Property bill. It has already passed the third reading in the Commons. The Women's College, to be opened in October, is also a most promising undertaking. Doubtless we shall have to wait some years for the franchise, but a recent omission of the word "male" in a new bill concerning the municipal franchise looks like the thin end of the wedge."

WE mentioned last week that President Grant, on the representation of Gen. Reynolds that the triumph of the apostate Hamilton in the approaching election would be substantially a victory for the rebels of Texas, had decided to give his legitimate encouragement to Davis and the loyal party. *The Tribune* with a promptness which should bring to its editor the proffer of a United States Senatorship from the Texas rebels, as well as from those of Virginia, rallies again to the support of Hamilton, whom it had previously eulogized. Thus when the Administration would do better for the loyal party of the South, which sorely needs, and as fully deserves, its support and strength, *The Tribune* opposes and does what it can to thwart it!

ON Tuesday last a murderous assault with knives and pistols was made by several ruffians of this city, (Seymour's "friends,") upon a quiet, intelligent and inoffensive colored man named Robert Fry. They were apparently intent upon taking his life. Acting in self defense Fry shot and killed one of his pursuers. He is now in custody, but we presume will ultimately be set at liberty on the ground of having acted solely in self-defence, which for a white man under similiar circumstances would generally be held to be entirely justifiable. The spirit which prompted this outrage is the same that broke out here on a larger scale in the memorable July riots.

ONE of the latest political sensations is the nomination by the *Richmond Whig* (apparently in good faith) of Horace Greeley for United States Senator, from Virginia. Mr. Greeley has become a freeholder in Virginia, and is eligible to the office of Senator from that State. *The Whig* acknowledges the indebtedness of the Conservative people of Virginia to Mr. Greeley for his services in their behalf, and is in favor of rewarding him with the senatorship. He declines the nomination; but there is, in the fact that it was made at all, a significance, no wise creditable to him.

AN interesting letter from our Boston Correspondent, delayed by the great freshet, has arrived just as we are going to press. Too late for this issue, it will appear next week.

PERSONAL.

Louisa M. Alcott is to sail in November for Italy, where she will spend the winter.

William and Ellen Craft, we learn from a Boston correspondent, are about to visit the home of their former bondage in the South.

Mr. Augustus Marshall, the Boston photographer to whom we are indebted for the excellent photographs we are sending out as premiums for new subscribers for THE STANDARD, has, we learn, recently taken a superior photograph of the remarkable heroine, MRS. Bickerdyke, duplicates of which may be obtained of him.

Humboldt commenced writing his "Kosmos" at the age of 75. He could devote only the night to writing; for during the day he was reading, studying, and collecting materials for the great work he had undertaken, and his evenings he had to spend with King Frederick William the Fourth, who would accept of no excuse for Humboldt's absence from the royal evening parties. The great naturalist wrote every night from 11 to 3 o'clock.

The Christian Register says:

"Sunday morning, the 19th ult., Unity Church welcomed its pastor, Robert Collyer, home from his summer sojourning amid the White Mountains and at the seashore, with a large congregation of happy, beaming faces, that expressed, more than words, their deep content. The pastor gave them one of his 'after-vacation talks,' that always bring the pastor and people very near together, and altogether it was a season of unmixed joy."

George Rifley writes to the *Tribune:* "At my visit to Mr. Bright, I met Prof. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, the editor of the recent edition of Mr. Bright's Speeches, and his warm personal friend. The Professor had the dress and manner of a New England farmer, rather than a college dignitary. He impressed me as a singularly free hearted and free spoken gentleman, betraying great earnestness and conviction under remarkable plainness of speech, and uttering sentiments as revolutionary as Mirabeau's, with the quietness of a Quaker preacher."

Dio Lewis's plan for a temperance reform, as laid down in a lecture at Boston, on Sunday evening, is as follows: Organize at a public meeting—for example, in a town of five thousand inhabitants—a committee of fifty or one hundred women, who, through a sub-committee, will prepare an appeal from the women of the town to the dealers of intoxicating drinks. Appeal in hand, the committee will call upon each of the rum-sellers, read their earnest, womanly paper, sing a verse, join in a brief prayer, and so pass on to the next. Ten such visits on ten successive days will generally leave nothing to be done.

Miss Kate Field, whose brilliancy and talent have won for her an enviable reputation in the world of literature, begins the lecture season in Boston on the 20th inst., under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association. She will give graphic sketches of what she saw and experienced "among the Adirondacks" last summer, and her quaint humor and power of description, will make the theme more than ordinarily entertaining. Miss Field is in great favor throughout the country. She has returned to the Adirondacks for two weeks, and meanwhile will complete her preparations for the winter lecture campaign.

A Boston Correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Mail* says:

"Miss Alcott's "*Little Women*" are remarkably popular, to the extent of towards 30,000 copies. The most significant testimony to the charm of the story has just come to my knowledge. A lady was reading it when our great gale came, and was so absorbed that she paid no heed to the rain or wind, which was snapping trees like pipestems, until she came to a wedding or the end of a chapter, when the spell was temporarily broken and she woke to a realizing sense of the situation, and flew upstairs to shut the windows. Question for a debating society—Ought Miss Alcott to pay for the damage done to the carpets?"

The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, of Sept. 24, says:

"The appointment of Mrs. Porter, of Covington, to be Postmaster of Louisville, which has been whispered about in circles for six weeks or more, is at last confirmed by our Washington dispatches. She was commissioned yesterday. It is said that she owes her preferment to Gen. Grant's venerable father, who is a neighbor and friend of hers; but she is represented as having, in addition to this, the recommendation of excellent practical ability, unsullied private character and amiable manners.

"Mrs. Porter is the widow of Judge Bruce Porter, and daughter of Hon. James T. Morehead, who served Kentucky as a legislator, Governor, and a Senator in the Congress of the United States."

A London Correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth*, writing of the progress of the Woman's Cause in Great Britain, says:

"The movement in favor of woman suffrage has, I think, reached a more advanced state in this country than in America. Women now have the privilege of voting in municipal affairs, and there are already between two and three thousand female voters on the municipal register at Leicester, the total number on the roll being only about sixteen thousand. There is a strong woman's rights party in Leicester, and the new voters are forming associations so as to make the most of their lately acquired privilege. So, too, in other important places. A new and striking text has been furnished for the cause by an incident at a recent farmers' festival. The Duke of Beaufort is chairman of the Badminton Farmers' Club, but was unable, on account of importaut business elsewhere, to preside at their annual dinner, connected with the agricultural fair at Gloucester. Her Grace the Duchess took his place, however, sat at the head of the table, proposed the toasts, and introduced the speakers, with such appropriate speaking of her own as would have been looked for from her husband. She took advantage of her position to call upon one of her own sex for one of the speeches, and Lady Blanche Somerset, a young miss, creditably responded to the toast in honor of her family."

The Springfield Republican says:

"Boston has a sculptor of great promise in Martin Milmore, whose design for a soldiers' and sailors' monument is now to be seen in this city. He is still a young man, was educated in the Boston public schools, and in art was a pupil of Thomas Ball, whose statue, statuettes and busts every Bostonian knows, and who is now at work on the statue of Gov. Andrew. Milmore has also made a statuette of the governor which has great merit, but his best work, thus far, is in busts. His bust of Charles Sumner, which he has put in marble, for its niche in the State house, is a remarkable work, both as a portrait and for its artistic beauty. The features are admirably rendered, and the profile of the left side, in particular, is as fine as can well be imagined. The resemblance to Edmund Burke, which some have discovered in Sumner's head, is by no means marked in this bust, which is of a more classic and winning type than any portrait of Burke we have ever seen. It will be for Milmore, one of these days, to model a statue of Sumner, with which Boston will be proud to adorn itself. His statues in the Horticultural Hall in Tremont street are impressive figures that add much to the beauty of that building, and of the locality; his statue of the soldier at Roxbury, too, is a fine one. He is now at work on busts of Secretary Boutwell and Senator Wilson, which have been ordered by Dr. D. K. Hitchcock, and are still in the clay. Mr Boutwell sat often for his during his visit to Boston, last summer, and it is a remarkable success; his peculiar expression is well given, and the whole character of the head is good. Wilson is a more difficult subject, but here, too, the likeness is striking. Another bust, on which Milmore has been for two years, at work, is that of Wendell Phillips, which also is still in the clay. It is by far the best ever made of the great orator, but does not yet satisfy the artist, with whom it is a labor of love. Milmore works hard and rapidly, as Crawford did; he is less known than his genius deserves, but his work will soon give him fame enough. Some of his other busts are those of George Ticknor, for the Boston public library, Gen. Thayer of Braintree, for Dartmouth College, and Isaac Rich, for the Wilbraham Academy. We wish he might be called on to model the next equestrian statue for Boston—perhaps that of Col. Shaw, so long talked of."

The following letter from Mr. Wight, the artist, giving an interesting account of Humboldt, was written to accompany the portrait presented by Mr. Waterston to the Society of Natural History:

Rev. R. C. Waterston:—Dear Sir—You have requested me to give some account of Humboldt, whose portrait I had the honor to paint. I beg leave briefly to state that in 1852 I saw him in Berlin. He was at that time 83 years of age. The first interview was on the occasion of his sitting for the portrait in February of that year. I found him a man rather below the medium stature, dressed with the utmost simplicity, in black. His step was moderate, but firm and decided, with his head a little inclined forward. In conversation his face would glow with enthusiasm, and his small clear eyes sparkle with animation. He was apparently very tenacious of his time. There were five sittings. I found him always prompt to the minute. Knowing that he had received several decorations from crowned heads, I asked him if he wished me to represent any of them in his portrait; he replied that he preferred it should be painted without any ornament whatever. He spoke of his pleasant visit to the United States, and took great interest in the affairs of our country. At his house he showed me several pencil drawings of mountain scenery made by his own hand, very carefully done, and as carefully preserved.

My studio was in Franzosisch Strasse. His residence was in another part of the city, where he lived in a plain substantial building, in a quiet and unostentatious manner. As soon as it became known that a portrait was being painted of Humboldt a lively interest was manifested upon the subject, particularly among the American residents and students, an unusually large number of whom were at that season in Berlin. On each sitting he was accompanied by a valet, who attended him up the stairs, and either left or remained in the hall until the allotted time for sitting within expired, when Humboldt immediately arose, and, politely taking his leave departed. An interesting conversation was kept up at intervals during the sittings, at two or three of which the Hon. Theo. S. Fay, our chargé d'affaires in Prussia, was present. When the portrait of the naturalist was completed, many persons, citizens and strangers, as well as artists, and among the latter Cornelius, famed for his magnificent cartoons and frescoes in church, palace and cathedral, and Rauch, the immortal scul ptor and author of the statue of Frederick the Great, together with other personal friends of Humboldt, came to see it. Before the portrait was sent to America it was exhibited to the citizens in the grand hall of the Art Union of Berlin.

It affords me great pleasure to place in your hands the original portrait of Humboldt, to be used on this occasion of the centennial celebration of his birth. The copy of the portrait which you desired is now completed. I consider it as faithful a likeness, in every respect, as the original. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BOSTON, Sept. 8th, 1869. M. WIGHT.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A STATED meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert street on Fifth day, the 14th inst, at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M.

G. M. S. P. Jones, Secretary.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE opening exercises of the Woman's Medical College (Dr. Blackwell's) took place in the College parlors, 128 Second Avenue, on Tuesday evening last. Samuel Willets, President of the institution, occupied the chair. Dr. A. B. Ball, Professor of Materia Medica in the College, delivered an able, scientific address, which was listened to with much interest by the students and friends of the College who nearly filled the parlors. There is probably no similar institution in this country wherein more thorough instruction is given to women in pursuit of a medical education.

MR. SUMNER THE "ABOLITIONIST."

NEW YORK, October 2d, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. POWELL:—Permit me to explain that in my letter in to-day's STANDARD I did not mean to class Mr. Sumner with the "non-conforming, non-political Abolitionists." I used the word *abolitionist* only in its more general sense, as applicable to any one opposed to slavery, and that I might not seem to withhold due credit from one whom I have always respected for his anti-slavery principles, however disposed to grumble at the political formulas which held those principles in leash. I am glad, however, that you have emphasized the difference, for it is worth remarking. Is not the lapse of such a man as Mr. Sumner of itself sufficient condemnation of the narrowness of mere political action, proving how our best become demoralized by it and end in sacrificing principle and the higher laws of humanity to the petty exigences of expediency and party?

Yours faithfully, W. J. LINTON.

FROM VIRGINIA.

LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM.

HOLLEY SCHOOL, Lottsburg, Northum'land Co., Va. September 29th, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL:—I read gratefully your kind letter that got to me last evening, and I hasten to answer your inquiries.

As soon as possible, Gen. Canby sent troops, after the Heathsville riot. And all the Rebel swelling and hissing ceased on the instant, and by day and by night we walk safe and secure from "all hurt, harm, or danger," as the Freedmen pray to be kept from, and receive every outward civil respect, from all around us. The presence of the troops wrought the most miraculous transformation, on the face of this rebel community. The company of soldiers was twenty-five. Their officers made arrests of riotous citizens in their beds at three in the morning—"came down like a wolf on the fold."

I hear there are preparations for a thorough investigation and trial of the guilty parties. The rebel (unfairly) elect to the Legislature, being the principal ringleader of that mob, it is to be hoped he will receive due justice and attention.

If you read the Richmond papers, you see it is now their most strongly urged policy to behave as well as they possibly can till Congress lets them in. Then woe to us "Yankee carpet-baggers," "nigger school ma'ams" "scum of the North," and whatever epithets describe us, to "suit their mean ideas." What their *purpose* is, no Congressman can doubt, if he takes their own word for it. They have not yet lost their plantation manners to forget talk of "choking," "kicking," "driving us out," making us "flee back to the places where we came from."

I read with deep interest the [illegible] long letter you mention, and thought what an exact description it was of affairs in Virginia. Every one living here, I think must believe the South *means* another *Secession*. They hate the Union, and the prospect of Northern Free Schools, County organization, etc., is an abomination to them.

I have this moment read the *Richmond Whig's* nomination of *Horace Greeley* for Senator! * * One of my first letters brought Col. Claybrook to the door to remonstrate against my putting his name in the paper, and saying I had injured Thornton Parker by it, for he would be turned off his land,—he has not been, but is his most favored tenant. I never have believed that calling names of the old slave-holders and telling their injustice to the colored people, does any thing but good for all parties. I believe they are more careful of their treatment of them than if there was no reporter here. "Col." (rebel of course Claybrook said "You have no *right* to put my name in the paper, I forbid you to do it, you must not." I simply answered, "*O! yes! I have a right,*" and smiled to) myself to think what new days had come to Virginia! He afterwards made an apology to me, invited Miss Holly and me to dinner, and has in no way disturbed me, although he said he should "resist me all in his power" if I wrote about him, but would "be my friend" if I wouldn't interfere and listen to the stories of the colored people and tell how he hadn't paid them, in the Northern papers! He said, when I asked "Did you pay them?" (for the first year's work after "Richmond fell") "Yes!" "Three barrels of corn—all the Bureau officer said I need to." (Specimen of the Bureau officers that have been sent here). "We were miserably poor! Look, at my burnt chimneys! and all my grain and meat carried off. But," he added with haughty emphasis, and conscious triumph, "Good God! a man with 5,000 acres of good Potomac land, ain't *broke* yet!"

This estate joins us. The effort to control the election was made, as you know, by written notices sent around to all the colored tenants on Col. C——'s land and others, warning them to seek new homes, and they were told if the Radical Constitution went into effect, they should make them pay twenty-five or thirty dollars rent, so they should be able to pay their taxes. That is the kind of reconstruction *The Tribune* is helping for these poor colored people, now so bare of comfort, beginning from literally nothing two years ago, obliged to use such tiny ox-teams as would make you wish to draw their loads for them, because they have not had time yet to grow since their owners could call them their own, and now the dry, hot August, has shortened the corn and fodder crops, so both man and cattle must see straightened times before another September. The strong wailing cry of this afflicted people is "*Land!* O! for a spot to stand on!" and surely there must be some way devised for their relief. They can never have the real freedom of their *vote* without it. "As for negro suffrage, it will never give us serious trouble here in Virginia. We can easily manage their votes *if they stay*" (?) says the *Richmond Enquirer*. But for that plan to work, they must drive off their leaders, the teachers, and *whoever* has any influence against the old rebel power. Otherwise we shall always be considered "incendiaries" and *treated accordingly*. "Stirring up strife" between the blacks and the whites as they accuse our teachers now of doing.

My last *Tribune* (semi-weekly, September 21st,) has a Mississippi letter saying, Northern people "who demean themselves like gentlemen," are as safe as Southerners in that State. By that, of course, is meant one who takes no interest or part in reconstruction, that opposes effectually rebel power!

Just as a former (rebel) magistrate said, if we'd *let them alone*, they would us, (*i. e.*, if we would not instruct the colored people in their rights).

* * * I *have* the post-office, and very civil behavior on the part of the people who call for their mail. The rebels *asked* me last winter to take the *oath* as nobody else could, and my appointment was made out and sent in January. But I suspect they kept the office from me till *after the election*. I did not know of my appointment till *July*, when I had an inquiry from the post-office department.

It will do these people good to get their letters and papers under the observation of Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln and Lucretia Mott, whose bust medallion and pictures are about our school-house walls.

C. F. P.

FROM KENTUCKY.

LETTER FROM A COLORED MAN.

FRANKFORT, Ky., September 29th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

NEGRO Suffrage in Kentucky seems to be lost. There is no such a thing as the Fifteenth Amendment ever reaching our case in this State. That amendment is hard to be accepted in Kentucky. We often wonder why it is that white men have such a prejudice against the colored man. They acknowledge the negro never rebelled against any government made by them. They are obedient to the laws of the United States, and pay taxes. It seems to be simply because of their black skin. But we extend the right hand of fellowship to them. We wish to forget the past and look to the future. Yet the case seems dark, but we are aware that the darkest hour is just before day. Our skins being black does not mean evil. The same God made us that made the white man. The same God that made them white made us black, so I believe we have just as much right to be black, as they have to be white. We are glad we are black, for it is God's will that we be black. We think as much of our color as they do of theirs. We are looking to the future hoping the day will soon arrive when we can be men among men, our conduct before the public, our industry, will make us men. Money will make us as white as our present Governor Stevenson. They say that the negro is an inferior race to them. I can say I have been in business for some time, and nine-tenths of the principal marketers of this place are not able to compete with myself. I believe we have men of our race in almost every employment that white men are in. We have just as smart men as they have. The white men say "negroes are incompetent to serve as witnesses in a case where a white person is an interested party, by reasons of want of intelligence, or disregard of truth." We deny this most emphatically, the same reason or objection may with equal propriety extend to thousands of white persons. In this State, juries almost daily render verdicts directly opposite to the statement of some witnesses, in whose testimony they have no confidence. Many a white man is a witness whose intelligence is no greater than that of the average of our own people. These are matters that should not be urged in general objection to any class of witness, whether white or black. It rarely occurs that false testimony escapes alike the attention of the courts, the jury, the clients, and the attorneys engaged in a trial, and a right enforcement of the law punishing perjury will effectually protect society from all danger of this character. Under our law we are now competent clients and witnesses for or against each other, in actions, both civil and criminal, where our own people or color are alone interested in property or life. We are citizens of the same common country. Much of the property now constituting the aggregate wealth of Kentucky, has been acquired or improved in whole, or in part, by our labor, or labor of our ancestors. No one knows better than the citizens of this State how we have protected and cared for both the property and the lives of our former owners, yet we are abused and disliked above any nation of the earth.

H. H. TRUMBO.

SINCE the Female Medical College was organized in London, six years ago, about eighty ladies have been registered as students, many of whom are now in successful practice.

THE EUROPEAN INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMENS' ASSOCIATION.

ASTORIA, L. I., October 3d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

BELIEVING that a notice of the above Association may be of interest to your readers, the following account of the proceedings of the Congress of the European Labor Associations, lately assembled at Basle in Switzerland, is compiled from the reports of the *London Times*, and is respectfully submitted to you for insertion in the columns of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

On Monday, September 13th, upwards of sixty delegates presented credentials. England was represented by five delegates; France by twenty-four; Switzerland by twenty-four; Belgium by six; Germany by six, and Italy and Spain by two delegates each.

A. C. Cameron, editor of the *Workingman's Advocate* of Chicago and Philadelphia, was admitted as the duly authorized and appointed delegate from the National Labor Union of the United States of America.

After hearing the complaints of the French and Belgian delegates, some of whom had been arrested on their route to the Congress and robbed of their papers by the police of Louis Napoleon, and an able address by Mr. Cameron on his admission, the Congress proceeded to business. The questions appointed for discussion were:

1. The question of Landed Property. 2. The Rights of Inheritance. 3. Extension of the Utilization of Credit. 4. The question of General Education. 5. The influence of Trades' Unions.

After considerable debate the first question was put, when there appeared

For the Abolition of Private Property in Land, 54; against, 4; abstained from voting, 13; absent, 4. Last year there were 23 abstained, 7 voted against, and 34 for the same proposition.

On motion of M. Coporussa of Naples, it was referred to the next Congress to settle in what manner the resolution should be carried into effect.

This result accords with the resolution passed at Chicago in 1867 by the National Labor Union of the United States which declares

"The placing a money value on the gifts of the Deity, viz.—the lands, mines, and water-courses—is sacrilege."

The Committee to whom was referred the question of the Right of inheritance presented the following conclusions:

"Considering that this Congress has pronounced for common property in land, and that this declaration will be illogical if it be not corroborated by that of which it is a natural consequence; therefore

Resolved, That this Congress is of opinion that the right of inheritance ought to be completely abolished, and that such abolition is one of the indispensable conditions of the enfranchisement of Labor."

The vote on this question resulted as follows: For the Abolition of the Right of Inheritance, 32; against it 23; abstained from voting, 13; absent, 9. As there was no absolute majority of the delegates present, the motion was lost.

The only testimony on this important subject yet presented to the National Labor Union of this country is found in the opening address of President Lucker delivered in September last. It reads thus:

"We must advance upon our Democratic educational system, which claims for all the children of the soil an equal educational chance in life, by overturning the old Norman Laws of Inheritance we have imported from Great Britain, and demanding that something like a material equality shall be instituted amongst us. Otherwise money serfdom will infallibly be the lot of hundreds of thousands of the children of the present generation, and our present form of government will lapse into the meanest kind of aristocracy, viz.: An aristocracy of money."

No division was arrived at on the three following questions. The German and English delegates differing from the French on the subject of Free Banking. On the subject of Education it was agreed that it should be general, and that it was a national duty to find the means. The French and some of the Belgian delegates wish it could be carried into effect by other means than national authority, but all demand it as a right of the peoples.

On Trades' Unions and National Organizations of Trades, the Congressional Committee recommended the following directions:

"That the Workmen in the different Trades ought to direct their attention to the formation of Unions in their respective Trades.

"Whenever such Unions are formed they ought to put themselves into immediate communication with societies in the same trades already existing in other localities, with the view of forming national combinations, and that these combinations ought to make it their specia[illegible]

business to collect all statistical and other information concerning their respective branches of industry, and to endeavor to advance measures calculated to promote the common interests of the working classes, and to use their most energetic efforts to make them succeed, until the System of Wages Labor shall be replaced by a System of Associated Free Labor.

"Considering that the International character of Labor and Capital requires an International organization of the Trades Unions, the Congress charges the General Council to bring about the International combination of Trades Unions."

Many other subjects were incidentally touched upon in the course of the debates. Amongst these may be mentioned the Centralization of Labor, Cooperation, Cruelty to children in the mines of Belgium, the Competition of Women as Laborers in Trades. On the last mentioned subject Mr. Greulich of Zurich remarked that—"Modern industry had drawn woman into the factory by depriving her of domestic occupation."

Mr. Caporusso of Naples drew a gloomy picture of the condition of the workingmen of Italy, declaring that they had given up all hopes of a redress of their grievances at the hands of the middle class. As to striking, that was out of the question, they could not afford to lay down their work for a day.

The Congress was closed by President Jurry, of London, who concluded his address thus: "Three years ago, at our first Congress at Geneva, we were looked upon as rather a queer lot. The press slighted and ridiculed us, our friends looked doubtful when we unfolded the platform of principles which had been agreed to at London, for final adoption by the Congress. To-day our principles are discussed without hesitation, they are proclaimed everywhere, the press of Europe, (and he might have added America) notices our doings, sometimes not in the most amiable way, but it is manifest we have become a power. I am sure our success has exceeded our most sanguine expectation. Whatever may happen, we are too strong to die of inanition, and we have too tough a life to be stamped out of existence by police and government persecutions. We have surmounted the first obstacle, that of laying a sure foundation. The road that leads to the goal is open before us; let us march hand in hand to reach it. Herewith I declare the public sitting of the Fourth International Congress closed."

Amid the cheering that followed a strong voice raised the cry—"*Vive la Republique Democratique et Sociale*" which was re-echoed all over the hall.

In the evening sitting, London was again selected as the seat of the General Council, and the members of the last Council unanimously reelected. Paris was also appointed, without a dissentient voice, as the meeting place of the Congress to be held in 1870. We shall see if Louis Napoleon, the ex-President of the French Republic, dares again dishonor France by robbing peaceful travellers of their papers, and again exposing that great nation, of which he is the perjured ruler, to the contemptuous execrations of the rest of the civilized world.

R. W. HUME.

INDIANS.

[We reprint the following eloquent plea in behalf of the Indian with revisions and corrections by the author.—Ed.]

THE MASSACRE OF THE WICHATA; OR, SHERIDAN'S LAST RIDE.

BY SHENANDOAH, AUTHOR OF MOKE-TA-VA-TA, THE MARTYRED CHIEFTAIN,

I.

On the Wichata, at break of day,
The Cheyenne chieftain's village lay—
The remnant small of a mighty band,
Now scattered and torn like the rifted sand;
The wandering winds with warnings woke
The ghosts of his murdered kin, who spoke:
Fly! fly! for the morn bringeth fresh dismay
From Sheridan ninety miles away.

II.

A thousand horsemen, with weapons bright,
In the frore and frosted morning light,
Ride over the snowy-sheeted ground,
With a shuddering, smoldering, sullen sound;
They have seen the tents in the night's cold noon,
And backward rode 'neath the veiled moon,
Prepared to pounce, like a bird of prey,
On the fated village a mile away.

III.

The Indian sire saw the countless throng,
Like the trees of the forest, many and strong;
He stood like a hunted hind at bay,
Then sent this message without delay:
"Ye are many and we are few;
Ye can drink our blood as the sun the dew,
For we have our women and children small
A hundred and thirteen souls in all;
My handful of warriors are strong and brave;
They will fight my helpless people to save;
There is no fear in the chieftain's eye;
He cannot fight, for he will not lie;
He came with this pledge only yesterday
From the father ninety miles away."

IV.

No answer came. In another breath
They swept to their wretched work of death,
With a maddening shout and a deafening yell,
Like the dire and dreadful fiends of hell;
And babes from their mothers' breasts were torn,
And sires were scalped in the light of morn:
The ground was crimson with their blood,
And the river reddening with its flood;
Mangled forms lay bleeding and bare,
With a ghostly, ghastly, sickening glare.
And one rode foremost among them all,
Urging them on with shout and call,
On a foaming charger, that seemed to say:
I have brought you, Custer, all the way,
At the head of a thousand armed men,
With orders, traced with a bloody pen,
These trembling mothers and babes to slay,
From Sheridan ninety miles away.

V.

Alas! alas! for the deeds that were done
That day at the rising of the sun!
The tongue shall falter, the pen shall fail,
And lips grow white when they tell the tale
How friend and foe on the field did lie,
All mangled and mingled, to faint and die;
The victors, panting their fame to spread,
Gave no heed to the dying, no thought to the dead.
Great God! was there none their hands to stay,
With Sheridan ninety miles away?

VI.

Their cruel and thirsty carnage o'er,
Backward the warriors ride once more;
They pillered the lightning from the skies,
And flooded the country with flaming lies,
In these words, blazoned all over the land:
"We have met a hostile Indian band—
Five hundred, counting women and all—
An hundred warriors armed did fall;
The frontier's safe, for we gained the day,
With Sheridan ninety miles away."

VII.

There was joy in the camp of Sheridan
When his branded minions appeared again,
With their Osage allies, drunken with blood
And the liquid hell-fire's maddening flood,
Came leaping and shouting around the fire
With the gory scalp of the Indian sire;
Like demons they danced till the dawn of day,
And Sheridan there, not a word to say.

VIII.

The maiden moon took time to unfold
Her silvery bow to a disc of gold,
When Sheridan rode 'neath her shining shield,
Seeking his dead on the bloody field;
Their souls, like a vapor, before his eyes
Arose, with a shivering, sad surprise,
To show their forms all shrouded in blood,
The prey of the wolves and the vultures' food
Fifteen days did brave Elliot lay,
And Sheridan ninety miles away.

IX.

All honor to those who, with sword or pen,
Rise up to defend the rights of men;
Who succor the weak and battle the strong,
Sustaining the right, denouncing the wrong;
Who would fly the Indian's life to save
From the lawless murderer's conquering glave.
But chiefly honor the glorious three,
The valiant sons of a nation free—
One far in the fiery, flaming South,
Who flew to rescue from death's dark mouth
The hunted few of an Indian band,
When the Texan Rangers were close at hand;
And him, the special and martyred one,
Whose name now shines like the flaming sun;
And him, the youngest, whom gold could not buy,
The glorious "white man that would not lie."
These, these would have rushed the carnage to stay
Had they been a thousand miles away.

X.

But for this deed, this one without a name,
Columbia bendeth her forehead in shame;
And the angels of God on the plains above,
Pause awhile in their ceaseless work of love,
To gaze while one with a burning pen,
Erases the record of Sheridan
And carves on the golden scroll of fame,
The story of him with the spotless name,
"Moke-ta-va-ta, who dared to die
Rather than basely utter a lie;
Whose pleading women and children were slain,
In the light of morn, on the crimson'd plain,
By a mounted host of merciless men,
Under orders grav'd with a faithless pen,
Making this a 'St. Bartholomew's day,'
And Sheridan ninety miles away."

NOTES.

1. STANZA I.—*The Cheyenne Chieftain.*—Moke-ta-vata, the most remarkable man of the age for magnanimity, generosity, integrity, and courage. His hospitality for years to destitute emigrants and travelers on the plains, is well known, it had no limit within the utmost extent of his means. His fame as an orator was widely known; he was great in council, and his word was law. Hundreds of the whites are indebted to him for their lives. At Sand Creek, Colorado, in the fall of 1864, while in the employ of the Government and under the protection of its flag, he, was attacked, and one hundred and twenty of his men, women, and children murdered. On that occasion, with only forty-five warriors, he made a fight unparalleled in history. He held Chivington's seven hundred men at bay for seven hours, and carried to a place of safety three hundred of his women and children—twenty of his braves and his own wife pierced with a dozen bullets. Previous to the conflict, after his wife had been wounded and his two brothers shot down and cut to pieces before his eyes, (while approaching the troops to notify them of the friendly character of the Indians), he aided three white men to escape from his village, one a soldier. They were his guests, whom he suspected of being spies, "but did not know it," and they are now living to the eternal fame and honor of the chieftain. From Sand Creek he fled to the Sioux camp, where it was determined to make war upon the whites in retaliation. He protested against interfering with women and children, and insisted upon fighting the men. He was overruled. Thereupon he resigned his office as chief, and assumed the garb of a brave. He soon after made peace for his tribe, which was faithfully kept until the burning of their village two years afterward.

A war again ensued, in which he took no part, having promised never again to raise his hand against the whites. He was the first to meet the Peace Commissioners at Medicine Lodge Creek. His many services and virtues "plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off."

2. THE SAME.—*His murdered kin.*—One hundred and twenty of his men, women, and children were assassinated at Sand Creek, and mutilated in the most horrible and disgusting manner. And at Pawnee Fork, two years after, when the Cheyenne village was burned, by Hancock, an orphan, an idiotic Indian girl, nine years of age, was outraged and murdered.

3. STANZA VII.—*Their Osage allies.*—Osage Indians who constituted a portion of Sheridan's command, and were employed against the Cheyennes. Even Chivington had a better sense of propriety or expediency; for, when he started out to destroy Moke-ta-va-ta's village, he declined the proffered services of the Ute Indians, inveterate enemies of the Cheyennes. In this, as well as in the fact that he did not budge an inch from Sand Creek until he had cared for and removed his wounded and dead forty miles to Fort Lyon, he deserves commendation; for, he "not being the worst, stands in some meed of praise."

4. STANZA VIII.—*Fifteen days.*—After the attack upon the village, the destruction of life and property, and shooting of hundreds of ponies, the troops marched back to Camp Supply, reporting Major Elliott and seventeen of his men missing, their fate unknown. After waiting fifteen days, the bodies of these men were cared for. Elliott and his men (ignorant of the real character of the Indian village, disdaining to molest the women and children or property) engaged in a hand-to hand encounter with the warriors, but not being sustained by the command otherwise employed, were cut off and abandoned.

5. STANZA IX.—*The Glorious Three.*—Major General George H. Thomas, who commanded at Camp Cooper, Texas, some ten years ago, made a forced march of an hundred miles, with one hundred and twenty cavalry, to protect a village of Comanches from Baylor and three thousand rangers that were marching to destroy them. General Thomas was successful. He then marched in rear of the Indians hundreds of miles to shield them from the Texans. This gallant and chivalric officer has (to the shame and disgrace of the Government) had Sheridan promoted over him.

Major General John Sedgwick, who fell during the war of the rebellion, rendered similar services on the plains, in the defense of the Arrapohoes, at about the same time; and Col. Edward W. Wynkoop, five years later, in behalf of the Cheyennes. This young officer is often spoken of by the Indians as the "Tall Chief that don't lie."

Other officers might be mentioned for similar services, among them Generals Z. Taylor, W. S. Harney, and Alfred H. Terry. The last mentioned, two years ago, with a strong head, heart, and hand, squelched a conspiracy in Montana to exterminate the Crow Indians. Again, the next summer, flying across the plains, and up the Missouri river as fast as steam could carry him, to rescue a Sioux village from the border settlers. This splendid officer was removed from the command of the Department of Dacota to make room for the blunderer Hancock.

Capt. Silas S. Soule in Colorado, a few years ago, and Lieut. Philip H. Sheridan, in Oregon, ten years since, might also be referred to, in this connection, as drawing their swords in the defense of the Indians and the right.

In the same cause many noble men have used their pens—among them President U. S. Grant, in his recent Inaugural; Hon. George W. Manypenny; Wendell Phillips, Esq.; and Col. William A. Phillips, of Kansas.

6. STANZA X.—*St. Bartholomew's Day.*—On St. Bartholomew's day, 24th of August, 1572, during the reign of Charles IX, a massacre of the Huguenots took place in Paris, followed by others in the different cities and provinces of France. Thousands were assassinated. Three officers only—Henride Savoie, Governor of Provence; the Viscount d'Orthez, Governor of Bayonne; and St. Heran, Governor of Auvergne—refused to obey the orders of the king. At the Sand Creek massacre, before referred to, there were three officers who protested against attacking the Indians—Capt. S. S. Soule, Lieuts. Cramer and Baldwin. Capt. Soule was assassinated in Denver, Colorado, for his efforts to save the Indians on the field, and his evidence afterwards. At the massacre of the Wichata there was none to protest—no, not one.

LITERARY.

PEAR CULTURE FOR PROFIT. By P. T. Quinn. 136 pp. New York: The Tribune Association.

Interest in pear culture in this country has largely increased during the past ten years. Many trees have been imported from abroad, and large numbers cultivated and sent forth from our own nurseries. The supply of pears has increased, but not at all in proportion to the demand. For the want of intelligible, practical instruction as to the management of the trees, a large proportion of those who have set out pear orchards, either for profit or pleasure, have been disappointed in the results. In other cases after the fruit has been produced its value to the owner has been greatly diminished from lack of proper care in gathering, ripening and marketing. Mr. Quinn's book, without assuming to be an exhaustive, elaborate treatise upon the subject, supplies very happily just the kind of information and counsel most needed at the present time concerning pear culture. Himself a very successful practical horticulturist, he gives in the little volume before us such lessons as he has learned in the school of experience. Some of the lessons most valuable to others, if duly heeded, are those learned at much cost by failures instead of success. Especially will fruit growers do well to pay attention to what he says of too many varieties, and of adaptation of particular kinds to given localities. His warning too against irresponsible tree pedlers is also timely and important. Farmers particularly, who have considerable crops of fruit, but with whom it is not a leading interest, need greatly just such counsel as they will find in this book in regard to packing and sending fruit to market. Mr. Quinn's directions for grafting, budding, guarding against the ravages of the field mice, and insects, the preparation of the ground, transplanting and general care of the trees are so plain, simple and practical that no one with reasonable care and forethought can fail to be guided by them aright, and to be saved many mortifying disappointments and costly failures. We welcome most cordially his book, as a valuable contribution to the horticultural literature of our time, and commend it warmly to the attention and confidence of all lovers of good pears, and those interested in their cultivation, whether in the small area of city lots or in large orchards.

Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible, is the title of a pamphlet of fifty-three pages, written and published by Prof. William Denton. The Bible is therein examined from an extreme radical and scientific point of view. Prof. Denton, who is widely and favorably known as a geologist, claims for man a superiority over all books, as capacitated for, and the medium of, direct revelation from the Creator;—and therefore the inevitable insufficiency of any or all books to serve as the only revelation and guide for successive generations of mankind. The conclusion of this vigorously written pampalet we quote as follows:

"True religion knows no sects or parties, no priests or thirty-nine-articled creeds. It does not believe that all truth is shut up in a book, big or little; but looks for light within, without. It not only believes that God did live, but that he does live; not only that he did speak, but that he does speak, to me, to thee, as to Jesus and George Fox. It does not go with a dark lantern to look for truth in a mummy pit, among the withered, dusty, cobwebbed dead, but is out in the sunshine gathering the flowers that our universal Mother has strewed on every hand. True religion needs no splendid temples, no grand display, no mitred priest, no silk-gowned, lawn-sleeved bishop, no black-coated minister; it needs no gorgeous altar, no silver crucifix, no silk-tasseled pulpit, no holy days, holy sacrements, or holy houses. All it needs is noble, upright souls; men and women who will seek for truth as for hidden treasure, and when found, and her voice heard, will obey her requirements at all hazards. In these it lives and flourishes in unfading verdure, in eternal bloom. It teaches us to develop the man within us nobly, fearlessly, and harmoniously, to manifest our religion by a pure and holy life; and then points us in the future to a realm where progress is forever possible. This is the 'religion that can give sweetest pleasure while we live;' and this 'religion can supply solid comfort when we die.' Its flower has no thorn, and its honey no poison. It is the child of God, and the friend of man. The dungeon at its presence smiles; and its gloomy portals, at its touch, are transformed into the pearly gates of paradise. It consecrates all places; the cottage becomes as holy as the Jewish temple, and the ploughed field as the splendid cathedral. It consecrates all useful work: ploughing and sowing are as holy as singing and praying; the sound of the woodman's axe and the blacksmith's anvil is as sacred as the organ's chant. It consecrates all times; Monday is as Sunday, work-day as rest-day; all are God's, all are man's, and all are good. It consecrates all persons; the ploughman is a priest, and the shoemaker offers acceptable sacrifice; the leather apron and the fustian jacket are one with the priest's vesture, and the fine linen of Aaron.

"To destroy false religion, and spread the true, to deliver men from the bondage of error, and to speed the time when Truth and Love, twin sisters, shall be recognized and accepted by all people, I have written this pamphlet. I send it forth without fear, knowing whatever is true in it cannot but live, and whatever is false will deservedly die."

My Experience of Vaccination, its influence and its Results; by Ira Connell, is a twenty-four page pamphlet, published in London. It details the very great sufferings of the writer, covering a period of twenty-two years from the baneful effects of the system of compulsory vaccination. An earnest anti-vaccination movement is now in progress in England, having for its object the repeal of the compulsory law. Ira Connell, healthy and strong in infancy, was victimized by vaccination, having most poisonous and unhealthy matter infused into his system, the prolific seeds of chronic disease, and indescribable suffering. He quotes, as having fully realized in his own experiences, Hamlet, Act i., scene i.:

"The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courseth through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager dropping into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

It is urged forcibly that the law making vaccination compulsory should be at once repealed; and that all who resort to vaccination as a precautionary measure against small-pox should use the utmost scrutiny. Many wasting diseases and foul humors are spread far and wide by compulsory and careless vaccination, and it is claimed that "Consumption, that insidious disease—springing up we know not how or where, but commencing at first in the lungs—has increased in this country [England] at a ratio coincident with the practice of Vaccination; so that we now have an annual death record from consumption alone of 60,000, or one in 500 of the whole population."

The Atlantic Monthly for October has the following articles: "The City of Brass;" "The Egotist in Life;" "Parlor Singing;" "The Foe in the Household, VIII.;" "Hunting in the British Islands;" "German Songs;" "The Brick Moon;" "Earthquakes on the American Continent;" "Pennsylvania Dutch;" "Wettstein."

The writer of the article on "The Increase of Human Life" refutes the accepted theory that there is a tendency to physical degeneracy, and asserts that the sanitary history of the world shows that life is increasing both in power and duration. He promises in succeeding articles to show that the human constitution is better developed and sustained now than ever before. There is an interesting account of "A Dredging Excursion in the Gulf Stream" under the direction of Prof. Aggasiz, and two poems—one by Bayard Taylor, "An August Pastoral," the other by Whittier which we reprint:

GARIBALDI.

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hill'd,
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,
Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfill'd,
And hear'st the sea-winds burden'd with a sound
Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up and swear
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white wall
Of England, from the black Carpathian range,
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees.
And from the Seine's throng'd banks, a murmur strange
And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer seas
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair,
The song of freedom's bloodless victories!
Rejoice, O Garibaldi! though thy sword
Fail'd at Rome's gates, and blood seem'd vainly pour'd
Where in Christ's name the crowned infidel
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell,
On that sad mountain slope whose ghostly dead,
Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,
Walk, unappeased, the chamber'd Vatican,
And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed!
God's providence is not blind, but full of eyes;
It searches all the refuges of lies;
And in His time and way, the accursed things
Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
Has clash'd defiance from hot youth to age,
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings—
One royal brotherhood, one Church, made free
By love, which is the law of liberty!

Harper's Magazine for October opens with an interesting account of "A health trip to Brazil," by T. C. Evans, in which the following occurs: "Color opposes no obstacle of social or educational progress in Brazil. Neither law nor prejudice stands in the way of the negro who desires to become a doctor of laws, a chancelor, or even a minister of State. The public schools, high and low, are open to them, and they seem to mingle upon terms of familiarity and equality with their fellow-students. In the public libraries of Rio one may see a dozen black students for one who is white. One result of this liberality has been to diminish the hardship and helplessness of captivity in Brazil. Many purchase their liberation, accumulate property, and educate their children. I have seen perfectly black men and women riding in sumptuous carriages, attended by grooms and servitors, and girt with all the paraphernalia of wealth and social station. Talents and abilities are frequently evinced by this class. They occupy bureaus in the public offices, conduct mercantile establishments, plantations and other enterprises; and are in all respects an important and not unrespected part of the social economy here."

The other illustrated articles are "The Woodcock," "Border Reminiscences," and "The Helderbergs," The Easy Chair sustains Mrs. Stowe in her late defence of Lady Byron.

Our Young Folks for October presents a well selected variety of wholesome reading matter for children. Mrs. Agassiz contributes an instructive article on Coral Reefs. The author of "Seven Little Sisters," gives a charming bit of botanical teaching under the title of "Golden Rod and Astors." Rev. E. E. Hale writes concerning "How to Read," and says among other good things,

"I do not pretend that books are everything. I may have occasion some day to teach some of you 'How to Observe,' and then I shall say some very hard things about people who keep their books so close before their eyes that they cannot see God's world, nor their fellowmen and women. But books rightly used are society. Good books are the best society; better than is possible without them, in any one place, or in any one time. To know how to use them wisely and well, is to know how to make Shakespeare and Milton and Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood step out from the side of your room, at your will, sit down at your fire, and talk with you for an hour."

The following short poem we reprint:

WHY?

"Tell me, little vine-berries,
If I may be so bold,
Why are you reddest and rarest
'Neath the tree that is bent and old?
And you, little downy spring blossoms,
And fair ferns graceful and green,—
Why do you cluster the sweetest
His gnarled old roots between?
And mosses, O shining mosses,
With your caps of scarlet and gold!
Why do you stay with his lichens,
So withered and gray and old?—
They only clung closer and looked very wise
Out of their dewy-sweet woodland eyes.

But I came away home to the children,—
Elsie and Winnie and Ned,—
And there was Grandfather, surely,
With his dear and wise gray head,
With his face all laughing wrinkles,
And his voice one shout of glee;
For high on his back rode Elsie,
And the others were climbing his knee.
Pictures and toys all forgotten,
And mother quite out of mind too.
I stood and smiled at the frolic
And the woodflowers' answer knew,—
Green leaves and blossoms with dew-drops pearled,
"Grandfather 's grandfather, all through the world."

L. G. W.

The Woman's Advocate for October opens with a continuation of the story "Thrown upon the World," Jane O. DeForrest, under the title of "Work for Women," makes an earnest plea far more enlarged opportunities for the education of women, appealing to young girls to aspire to something higher than giving their time to embroidery, dress, calls, parties, etc. She says women will never receive their rightful dues "until as a united body they insist that the ballot shall be placed in their hands, and declare that they will no longer teach or do any other work for the paltry sums now doled out to them." Elizabeth A. Kingsbury contributes an article on "Opposition," M. F. Burlingame answers the query, "Will Suffrage Demoralize Women?" and M. F. B. writes of "Agitation," criticising severely an article which appeared recently in the *N. Y. Independent*, written by Rev. Mr. Hatfield. "Women as Rulers" is a pertinent extract, from "Mill's Subjection of Women." There are two poems—"A Mother's Thought," by Mrs. F. D. Gage, and "I hear thee again, Mother," by David Plumb. In the editorial department some of Mr. Greeley's objections to Woman Suffrage are fitly answered. There is a well deserved tribute to Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, with a letter from her pen reprinted, a letter from Mrs. Gage, and the department of notes.

It is announced that a new story, entitled "The Market Woman," by Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the incidents of which have their foundation in real life, will be commenced in the November number of *The Advocate*.

In the October number of *The Galaxy* Justin McCarthy writes ably of "The Real Louis Napolean;" Raphael Pumpelly describes "A Journey in Northern China;" T. M. Coan pleads for a new "Renaissance," not of the imperfect methods of the Greeks, but of the perfected, elaborate beauty of the pointed architecture. He thinks the New York Academy of Design ranks among the most beautiful public buildings in the country. Edward Crapsey makes some startling expositions of crime in New York, explaining "Why thieves prosper;" Frank H. Norton gives very entertaining reminiscences of a ten years service in the Astor Library; Richard Grant White treats of "Shakespearian Mares'-nests," and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contributes a short poem, telling "An Old Story" with a new moral. A sketch of Countess Guiccioli is given in the *Galaxy* Miscellany.

The October number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains "The Vicar of Bullhampton," by Anthony Trollope, part IV, with two illustrations; "The French Fever," by T. C. De Leon; "Two Names," a poem, by Frank Thubur; "The Lonely Ones," from the German of Paul Heyse; "What I Saw of the Suez Canal," by Edward B. Grubb; "Beyond the Breakers," Part X., by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; "Dick Libby," by Rev. George Jones; "The Freedman and his Future," by George Fitzhugh; "From a Garret," a poem, by Edgar Fawcett; "Magdalena," by the author of "Gold Elsie," "Countess Gisela," etc. "The Democratic Movement in France," by Karl Blind; "The Pleasures of Poverty," by Miss M. P. Wells; Our Monthly Gossip, and Literature of the Day.

The Choral Tribute is the title of a choice collection of new church music, for choirs, singing schools, conventions, etc., by L. O. Emerson, recently issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. With the exception of a few old standard tunes, the matter of the Choral Tribute is new, and will be a most welcome addition to the books of its class. Mr. Emerson, as the author of "Harp of Judah," "Jubilate," "Merry Chimes," "Golden Wreath," "Glad Tidings," etc., is well known to the musical public, and his name will be sufficient guaranty as to the excellence of this new collection. Price $1.50.

Harper & Brothers have published *Pictorial Field Book of the War of* 1812, by Benson J. Lossing, a large and beautifully illustrated work of ten hundred and eighty-four pages, exhibiting industry and research, and the great proficiency of the author in investing the occurrences of the past with the dramatic interest of contemporary life. We have a crowd of biographies, with portraits, anecdotes, traditions, relics, curiosities of bygone days, which are thus rescued from oblivion.

The Phrenological Journal for October has an interesting sketch, with portrait, of Mr. George W. Childs, the publisher; also one of Philip Phillips, the singing pilgrim. The first part of the *Edinburgh Review's* article on Salem Witchcraft is reprinted; there are several stories of Pall, a sketch of Mr. Roebling, articles on Vaccination, our Prison System, and other subjects.

M. W. Dodd has in press, and will publish in September, *The Spanish Barber*, a tale of the Bible in Spain, by the author of *Mary Powell, The Stanleys*, by the author of *Phillip Brantley; Christian Counsel and Spiritual Letters* of Fenelon; and new and cheaper editions of several of his most popular books which will be found among our announcement for the month.

The American Booksellers' Guide says: "We can barely hint at the beautiful Christmas books in preparation by Scribner &. Co. They include a superb edition of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, by Mrs. Browning, with over thirty illustrations by Hennessy, engraved by W. J. Linton."

RECEIVED.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. 552 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HENRY ESMOND AND LOVEL THE WIDOWER. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations by the author. 60 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

COUNTESS GISELA. By. E. Marlit. Translated from the German by A. Nahmer. 125 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lippincott's Magazine for October. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Galaxy for October. New York: Sheldon & Co.

ROMOLA. By George Eliot. 344 pp. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

LIFE PICTURES. A poem in three cantos. By J. H. Powell. 167 pp. Boston: Adams & Co.

Manual of the German Language. By W. Grauert. 113 pp. New York: E. Steiger.

Ahn's German Hand-writing. With notes by W. Grauert. 62 pp. New York: E. Steiger.

Too Bright to Last. 60 pp, Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Radical for October. Boston: S. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin.

The Phrenological Journal for October. S. R. Wells, Editor.

The Woman's Advocate for October. New York: Wm. P. Tomlinson, 39 Nassau street.

Our Young Folks for October. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

American Anti-Slavery Society.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FROM JULY 1ST TO OCTOBER 1ST.

1548	Mary J. Studley,	3.00
1516	Mrs. Dr. E. C. Moe,	2.25
1490	Chas. E. Temple,	6.00
1512	Mehitable Haskell,	3.00
1508	Mrs. E. B. Chace,	3.00
1567	Geo. F. Thompson,	3.00
1571	E. M. Simpson,	2.50
1602	Samuel Rockwood,	3.00
1539	C. C. Johnson,	3.00
1517	Reuben K. Gould,	0.50
1542	D. S. Rowe,	3.00
1532	Angeline Hall,	5.00
1570	Miss Ann F. Jameson,	3.00
1547	E. P. Taylor,	1.50
1515	Wm. Crandell,	4.50
1513	R. Woodford,	3.00
1552	M. Erwin,	2.50
1508	Emma K. Weaver,	6.00
1509	Mrs. Mary Ann Jackson,	3.00
1508	Jacob C. White,	6.00
1518	J. B. Smith,	3.00
1508	N. Barney,	3.00
1508	B. Barney,	3.00
1595	Stephen J. W. Tabor,	6.00
1560	Luther Melendy,	3.00
1548	Edward Hanes,	3.00
1558	Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones,	2.50
1542	Mrs. Geo. Putnam,	3.00
1508	Jas. A. Wright,	6.00
1571	Lorenzo Wright,	3.00
1512	Dr. Peleg Clarke,	1.50
1516	Abm. Barker,	9.00
1508	Henry C. Davis,	3.00
1512	Jas. A. Burr,	6.00
1560	Rufus Reynolds,	3.00
1560	Cyreneus Inness,	3.00
1482	Eleanor Brinton,	6.00
1515	L. Whitney,	3.00
1525	Chas. A. Wheelock,	7.00
1526	Chas. Smith,	10.00
1533	Mrs. F. Judd,	9.00
1572	Mrs. O. D. Elward,	6.00
1548	V. B. S. Reber,	3.00
1572	Jerome Hathaway,	2.00
1519	A. Morton,	3.00
1556	D. B. Morton,	.90
1530	Jos. Smith,	2.10
1542	S. L. Hill,	6.00
1507	R. J. Sellers,	6.00
1528	J. L. Swayze,	6.00
1495	P. S. Crowell,	6.00
1536	M. B. Brown,	2.00
1543	Sarah H. Pillsbury,	3.00
1572	Mrs. H. M. Pitman,	1.00
1546	James R. Young,	6.00
1493	J. C. Nichols,	3.00
1528	Jacob Heaton,	6.60
1519	Calvin Tompkins,	6.00
1508	Dr. B. C. Perry,	6.00
1510	R. P. Hallowell,	6.00
1508	Edward Steel,	6.00
1569	F. E. Abbot,	3.00
1555	Rev. William H. Holsington,	2.00
1568	Mrs. A. Reed,	3.00
1565	Aaron L. Burnham,	9.00
1569	Geo. D. Parrish,	12.00
1493	Mrs. Wm. Tuttle,	6.00
1572	Louisa W. Everinghim,	3.00
1511	Phillips Randolph,	6.00
1508	J. M. Ellis,	3.00
1507	Wm. Workman, Sr.,	5.00
1507	John D. Berry,	3.00
1542	Wm. Hart,	3.00
1547	Miss Mary Ann Peirson,	1.25
1528	M. Deponai,	6.00
1536	Mrs. E. P. Goodell,	2.50
1569	Edward M. Mac Graw,	3.00
1491	Alfred Mellor,	3.00
1535	S. L. Kauffman,	1.00
1490	Wm. S. Sampson, Jr.,	6.00
1560	Geo. White,	6.00
1508	J. L. Heywood,	3.00
1544	Mrs. Wm. W. Underhill,	3.00
1542	Charles Seaver,	3.00
1568	Dr. M. Lawrence,	10.00
1559	A. C. Bunker,	3.00
1554	Robt. Williams,	17.00
1573	Geo. M. Stil's,	9.00
1512	Mrs. Mary A. Barrick,	7.38
1557	S. Hayball,	6.00
1521	Rev. Stephen Camp,	1.42
1512	Wm. Chase,	1.14
1542	Rev. Augustine Caldwell,	75
1542	Moses Joy,	2.50
1534	P. Gallego,	3.00
1573	J. P. Winchell,	7.00
1574	Mrs. F. E. Stanley,	3.00
1526	Edward Atkinson,	10.00
1516	I. S. Flint,	3.00
1525	John Hughes,	3.00
1522	Ann Clark,	2.50
1556	Amon Parmenter,	3.00
1567	Free Library,	3.00
1567	Redwood Library,	3.00
1485	Lot Holmes,	5.00
1508	Simon Mears,	9.00
1550	Elizabeth L. Comstock,	9.00
1553	Benj. Cheever,	5.00
1547	Louis Wagner,	3.00
1495	John C. Haynes,	3.00
1520	Elijah H. Cushing,	2.00
1548	Ralph Meeker,	1.50
1522	E. C. Strong,	6.25
1510	Lizzie M. Marshall,	3.00
1508	Seth Pancoast,	3.00
1543	Jarvis Lewis,	3.00
1572	O. G. Cheever,	3.00
1508	N. W. Ellis,	2.00
1499	Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing,	7.75
1521	Henry L. Pierce,	3.10
1553	Aaron Raymond,	10.00
1503	John B. Major,	3.00
1508	Jos. J. Armstrong,	3.00
1506	Lindsey Muse,	1.50
1522	Wirt Dexter,	3.00
1564	Enoch Hebard,	7.25
1516	E. G. Lucas,	12.00
1518	Jos. B. Thayer,	3.00
1491	Mrs. E. G. Walker,	3.00
1572	Mrs. Wyatt,	10.00
1570	J. R. Nichols,	6.00
1564	J. M. Truman, Jr.,	6.00
1542	Edw'd. Wetherill,	6.00
1542	G. L. Miller,	5.00
1541	Cornelius Whitacre,	5.00
1544	F. W. Bird,	4.50
1526	R. Hamilton, M. D.,	3.00
1559	E. A. Webb,	3.00
1521	John Ramsey,	10.00
1474	Daniel Kaufman,	3.00
1526	E. Willmarth,	7.00
1508	Eliza H. Goodwin,	6.25
1516	John Winslow,	6.00
1540	J. M. Bustell,	3.00
1548	Marsh Hicklen,	6.66
1551	Joseph Moore,	3.50
1547	Mrs. E. A. Eaton,	2.50
1576	Benjamin Emerson,	3.00
1534	John Gordon,	1.50
1533	Mrs. Adeline T. Swift,	3.00
1575	M. A. Gibbs,	3.00
1575	M. H. Brown,	3.00
1576	H. R. Shotwell,	3.00
1576	Mrs. E. J. Maginnis,	3.00
1576	Mrs. Fanny Laing,	3.00
1560	S. E. Wall,	3.00
1522	Mrs. E. A. Dodge,	1.50
1528	Mrs. Anna B. Stuart,	3.00
1705	Sarah Harris,	10.00
1577	David W. Cole,	3.00
1580	Thomas A. Rice,	3.00
1603	Conr

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses
Glad Summer; fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell;
But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
O! tell me o'er this checkered earth
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs—
The rangers of the sky;
And brightly midst the garden flowers,
To the happy, murmuring bee.
But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods with all their hopes and leaves
And the blue rejoicing streams.

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound;
In sweet, delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;
To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain
For the gushing founts, and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again.

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps naught have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway shed;
In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside;
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!

But O thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar.
Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer land than this,
May our next meeting be!

PROPER USE OF THE BIBLE.

A GREAT many people think that the Bible is a very sacred book. I will tell you how it is a sacred book. If you read this book, and find moral qualities in it, and they are transferred as living virtues to you, then it becomes a sacred book. This book is sacred to you just so far as its teachings are incorporated in your experience and feeling and not a bit farther. All that part of the Bible is Bible to you which you live by. So much of the Bible as you vitalize is valuable to you; but so much of it as you do not vitalize is of no use to you. You put your Bible in your book-case. There it stands all the week, perhaps. Or you read it once a day or once a week, as the case may be. And you do it very decorously. The room is still, and your children sit around the room in a stiff row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read, you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn note; and you read all the way through the chapter and are like a blind man walking along the road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides, never seeing a single one. Men read thus, and feel a great deal better because they have read the Bible to their family! Now I tell you the only thing you read in the Bible is that which jumps into you, and which you cannot get out of you. It is the vital, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible. Suppose I should set up housekeeping on the same principle that some people set up their religious housekeeping? A man goes to housekeeping, and gets a Bible, with his name on the inside, and his name on the outside, and puts it on the table, in his best room; and there it lies for months and years without being opened—unless there is a funeral in the family. Suppose I should go to housekeeping, and should give an order to the grocer for three boxes of sperm candles, saying, "I am going to have a luminous house," and should put those candles away in the attic, and never light one of them? What is the use of candles but to burn? That is the very figure of our Master. He says, "No man puts a candle under a bushel, but he lights it and puts it on a candlestick."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

HINTS ON HORSE-FLESH.

As five years are required for the completion of the bone structure of the horse, it is important that he be carefully used until that age. If he is early overworked, the ligaments which unite his one hundred and thirty bones are prevented from becoming sufficiently fixed to the frame, and he is dwarfed, and wears out or dies long before reaching the full twenty-five years which should be the average duration of his life and vigor. The muscles of a fine horse ought to be thick and very long; thickness ensures strength and length an extended sweep of limb.

Properly constructed harness is as essential to the comfort of a horse as easy clothes are necessary to the comfort of a man. If harness is not well fitted to the form, the veins are compressed, circulation is retarded and disease ensues. When in motion, the horse regulates his centre of gravity by using his head and neck. The check-rein is therefore inhuman and injurious.

If a horse is compelled to run when his head is held in a vertical position, the gravity is thrown too far back, and he advances with difficulty. The ears may be called indices of a horse's mind. Intelligent animals prick up their ears back. A blind horse directs one ear forward and one backward, and in a deaf horse the ears are without expression.

The ears of the best horses are short and wide apart; the eyes are well open, and the forehead is broad. A broad forehead indicates good brain. The Arab says: "The horse must have the flat forehead and the courage of a bull." The horse breathes by his nose and not by his mouth; hence the nostrils should be large, so the fresh air may be taken in freely. Dealers enlarge the nostrils of their horses by artificial means. The mouth of a young horse is round; in age it becomes narrow and elongated.

The Arab says, speaking of his horse:—

"The first seven years are for my younger brother, the next seven for myself, and the last for my enemy."

A horse has only one jugular vein, a man has only three. The withers can never be too high. The higher they are the easier the animal travels. The loins should be short, the chest square and the shoulders well developed. The veterinary surgeon who said, "No foot, no horse," was perfectly correct. The hoof is a curious and complicated mechanism; an elastic box, which expands and contracts as the horse raises or puts down the foot. Shoeing should be done with care and skill, or the natural form of the hoof is destroyed. Above all so noble an animal should be treated with the greatest kindness, and no pains should be spared to make his bonds as easy to wear as may be.—*Dr. Lemercier.*

ANIMALS WITHOUT BRAINS.

M. VOIT is demonstrating,—by experiment,—that a warm blooded animal, a bird at least may live after its brain has been removed. He skillfully removes, with hooks and scalpel, the cerebral hemispheres from the skull of a pigeon. When the operation is concluded, the poor bird hides its head under its wing, and remains motionless, with closed eyes, in this attitude, which it resumes whenever it is disturbed, in order to receive nourishment, and seems to be overcome with profound slumber. This condition lasts a few weeks, after which the victim of the singular mutilation leaves its somnolent condition, open its eyes, and even attempts to fly. It avoids obstacles, shuns the hand that would seize it, and appears to enjoy in full force the faculties of hearing and seeing.

Thenceforth the pigeons without brains cannot be distinguished from those with brains, except by their entire forgetfulness of the means of securing nourishment. They would die of hunger in a heap of grain; it is necessary to introduce food into their beak and stomach by the aid of a small rod. They coo boldly, come and go, and seem thereafter to be strangers to every sentiment of fear. When once they commence walking, they continue the impetus following the same path around the same table, and continually taking refuge in the same corner.

One of these animals deprived five months before of its cerebral lobes, seemed to have recovered almost all its primitive faculties. It was sacrificed—to use the conventional expression—and its skull opened. Previous to this, the space originally occupied by the central hemispheres, in other victims, was found to be filled either with a fibrous mass or a serous fluid, while the cerebellum maintained its primitive condition, and the skull was sunken. In the skull of the pigeon in question there existed a white mass which presented the character and consistency of the white mass of the brain, divided in two hemispheres, and filling the place which the operation had left vacant.

In each one of the hemispheres there was a little cavity filled with liquid, while a septum maintained them separate. The mass was composed of primitive nervous fibres, twice convoluted, and of true ganglion cells.

It is the first case known of the renovation of the brain, and the reestablishment of its activity.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made to show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By-and-by, when spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Warm and soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found,
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me,
Have you less faith than me?

—*Missionary Echo.*

THE FARM.—Farming is a profession, not to say a science. If any one doubts this statement let him leave his city home—for no one bred in the country will doubt it—and undertake to cultivate even a garden of half an acre for the summer. He will then find that knowledge is as essential to the right use of the spade as the pen, and that there is as great a difference between the scientific farming of Flanders, where literally not a weed is to be seen, and that of many of our farmers, the wealth of whose soil is about equally divided between fruits and weeds, as between the trade of a modern commercial city and the barter of a back-woods settlement. It is true that agriculture has been the last to receive the impetus of modern science. It is true that many agriculturists are content to go on in the ways of their fathers, because experiments are costly. But it is also true that they are unable to compete with those who understand the use of new instruments, methods, and fertilizers. Agriculture is also becoming in this country a popular recreation. Many a gentleman is content to spend on his country-seat money which he makes in the counting-room. The practical farmer is thus able to get the benefit of experiments without paying for them. This change in agriculture, which has converted it from drudgery to an art, has created a demand for a corresponding literature. "Fifty years ago a stable agricultural periodical did not exist on the American Continent." Now every considerable district has one, while almost every weekly paper, secular or religious, has its agricultural department; and it will not be long before something of a library will be a part of the furniture of every well-ordered farm.—*Book Table, Harper's Magazine.*

OF Thomas Hood, Mr. Conway writes to *Harper's Monthly*:—No one would have associated with his serious, observant eye, and his grave, melancholy face the "fellow of infinite jest." In person Hood was of the middle height, slender and sickly-looking; of sallow complexion and plain features; quiet in expression, and rarely so excited has to indicate either the pathos or humor in him. The upper face was calm even to solemnity, seldom relieved even in society by the eloquent play of the mouth or sparkle of his observant eye. He was by no means brilliant in conversation; and if he made a pun, which was rare, it did not seem instinctive, but a process of thought. With all his fun he was incapable of sarcasm, and never did an injury in is life. His mind was as delicate as that of an innocent child. His life was passed near the dreary skeleton—poverty; yet though always struggling he was cheerful. His last days were rendered happy by the pension which assured him that his family would not suffer. The picture drawn by Mr. Hall of his last days was touching. He was with him at times, and witnessed the devotion of the noble wife who survived him only a few months. Hood, when suffering agony, would utter exquisite jests to try and relieve the friends around him. Mr. Hall read a passage from a letter written by Hood's daughter to himself soon after her father's death, which I cannot forbear to give here. She wrote: "Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gayety should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die. Thinking himself dying, he called us around him—my mother, my little brother and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all.' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, O Lord, say 'Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me.'"

PRESENT DUTY.

THICK mists upon the hills
Toward which my pathway lies;
The signals of a storm
Over the darkening skies;
Vainly to pierce those distant glooms,
I strain my eyes.

But still about my feet
The warm, sweet sunshine glows;
Just for a little space
My way it clearly shows,
And step by step, as I pass on,
With me it goes.

It shows me flowers that spring
Along earth's dustiest way,
And bids me work in thankfulness
Beneath its blessed ray;
To leave the future with my God,
And live to-day.

—*H. N. E., in the N. Y. Independent.*

The World of Wonders gives the following account of remarkable specimens of minute workmanship. In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, a blacksmith named Mark Scaliot, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, all of which, together with a key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold consisting of forty-three links, and having fastened this to the before-mentioned lock and key, he put the chain about the neck of a flea which drew them all with ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed only one grain and a half. Oswaldus Norhingerus, who was more famous even than Scaliot for his minute contrivances, is said to have made sixteen hundred dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common size. Johannes Shad of Mitalbrach carried this wonderful work with him to Rome and showed it to Pope Paul V., who saw and counted them all by the help of spectacles. They were so little as to be almost invisible to the eye. Johannes Ferrius, a Jesuit, had in his possession cannons of wood, with their carriages, wheels, and all other military furniture, all of which were also contained in a pepper-corn of the ordinary size. An artist named Claudius Gallus made for Hippolytus d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, representations of sundry birds sitting on the tops of trees, which by hydraulic art and secret conveyance of water through the trunks and branches of the trees, were made to sing and clap their wings; but at the sudden appearance of an owl out of a bush of the same artifice, they immediately became all mute and silent.

FAMILY WINE-DRINKING.—Dr. Day, Superintendent of the New York Inebriate Asylum, recently delivered an address before the inmates of the institution, in which he stated that moderate drinking families, more than bar-room or groggery, are the schools in which the fundamental principles of intemperance are taught. Among other things he said:

"It is my firm belief that no family accustomed to the daily use of ardent spirits ever failed to plant the seeds of that fearful disease, which sooner or later produced a harvest of griefs. In every such family you may find the school of the prophet which was written within and without with 'mourning, lamentation and woe.' It is here that the tender digestive organs of children are perverted and are disposed to habits of intemperance. From long observation I am convinced that one or more of the members of every wine-drinking family became sooner or later, drunkards. Drunkenness, in every instance, is the simple failure of an attempt to drink moderately."

A FRAGMENT.

THUS, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow;
Clothe the waste with gleams of grain;
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.—One of the pleasant things we saw on our late journey was a glimpse of two little sisters of charity. Some where above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a pretty waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart. Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths. The cows lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up, and while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed much better than I could have done it. I couldn't hear what they said; but their friendly little faces grew quite lovely to me, in spite of the tan, the old hats, the bare feet and shabby gowns, as they worked away so heartily. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass and emptying the berries from her pail upon it, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little Barefoot's task a hard one. But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meantime pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her "picking dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity.—*Merry's Museum.*

OPERATING UNDER WATER.—The *Nouvelliste* of Marseilles gives a very minute account of the system employed there for working under water. Fulton, it informs us, was the first to solve the problem of a submarine vessel which he built of copper for the purposes of naval warfare, but was obliged to give up the plan because of the difficulty of supplying the men with air, especially when they were to operate at a distance from the apparatus; and, moreover, his method of propulsion was defective, consisting of jointed oars that could not afford a greater speed than 400 yards per hour. At present many ways have been devised for removing those obstacles. The air is supplied by a mechanical and chemical process combined. Before the vessel is let down a provision of compressed air is secured by means of pumps, and distributed among the various compartments; it is calculated to balance the pressure of the column of water the vessel is to encounter at the depth required. The immersion of the submarine boat is obtained by increasing her specific weight through the introduction of water into these reservoirs; its ascent is effected by the expulsion of this water which latter therefore acts as a moveable ballast. The boat's centre of gravity is so arranged as to make her touch the bottom with her base flat, and almost without a shock. When the ground has not been explored before, the vessel is kept in suspension until by a skillful manœuvre, a proper place is found for her. By ingenious contrivances an exact equilibrium is obtained between the compressed air and the column of water, and the trap doors communicating with the bed of the sea are then opened. The men, standing with their feet on the latter, but having their heads still in the chamber containing their supply of air, carry the boat to the spot they want to explore; but if they find it necessary to leave the craft, each puts on his scalpbander, or water tight helmet, provided with a hose, through which he receives air from the vessel, and which is screwed to one of the reservoirs of compressed air, and can thus work at a tolerable distance from the boat.

HINDOO WRITING.—Writing is a curious art as practiced by the Hindoos. They may be often seen walking along their native streets writing a letter. An iron style and a palm leaf are the implements. In writing neither chair or table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The writer does not, as with us, move along the surface, but, after finishing a few words, fixes the point of the iron in the last letter, and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish the line. The characters are rendered legible by besmearing the leaf with ink-like fluid. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereupon is the address.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage. So do I
She has dapple grays to draw it; None, have I.
She's no prouder with her coachman, Than am I,
With my blue-eyed laughing baby, Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers. Mine has not.
He, could give his bride a palace. Mine, a cot:
Her's comes home beneath the starlight,—Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes in the purple twilight,—Kisses me.
And prays that he who turns life's sands,
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty, has her jewels;—So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,—Inside, I;
She will leave hers at death's portal—By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me. When I die.
For I have love, and she has gold,
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those who love her *station*. None have I;
But, I've one true heart beside me. Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom. No! not I;
God will weigh it in his balance. By-and-by.
And, the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

—*Selected.*

SOCIAL LIFE IN CHINA.—In China man and wife never walk together arm in arm in public, nor even side by side, but the wife always follows her lord at a respectful distance, as the women do among the American Indians. At social parties the sexes sit at different tables, occupying separate rooms, and visit only among themselves. Strangers of opposite sexes are never introduced, nor do the women ever speak to the men, unless relatives or very intimate associates of the family. There is no such thing as social life, in our sense of the word, among the Chinese, and all their social and domestic theories and practices are based on the idea of woman's inferiority and insignificance. She is regarded only as a servant and an underling, and in no sense fit to be a companion and equal of man. She feels her inferiority, and in the main submits cheerfully to her fate. The idea of "woman's rights" has never entered her mind. So thoroughly is this feeling of inferiority ingrained in her nature that in the only book ever produced in China by a female author the proposition is gravely stated and elaborately argued and illustrated, that "women were made for the same purpose that tiles are—for men to tread upon." They are astonished to see the freedom and equality allowed between the sexes among Europeans, and argue strenuously against it; and when vanquished in the argument, they reply with their usual stubbornness and pertinacity: "May be good for 'Merican man; for China man no good." Since the coming of European ladies into China, some of their own women have begun to entertain some little idea of their rights, and it has now become a proverb among men, that "the two most dangerous things that can be imported into China are foreign women and foreign gunpowder." Yet, on the whole, the weaker sex are rather kindly treated, and in general are not much abused.

HAPPY EXPERIENCE.—"I shall tell you how it was. I put mine hand on mine head and there vas von pain. Then I put mine hand on mine body and there vas anoder. Then I put mine hand in mine pocket and there vas nothing. So I jine mid de temperance. Now there is no more pain in mine head, the pain in mine body was all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, there was twenty dollars. So I stay mid de temperance."

WHALE-CATCHING BY ELECTRICITY.—A London firm has just obtained a patent for a method, startling to "old salts" in its originality, for catching whales by means of electricity. By their plan every whale-boat is provided with a galvanic battery. Wires from opposite poles run down to the points of each set of harpoons. When the whale is sufficiently near two harpoons are thrown as nearly simultaneously as possible, and when imbeded in the flesh of the monster complete the circuit. The charge is expected to be sufficiently powerful to paralyze the animal, so that the small boat may advance and despatch him at leisure.

"THE clear perception and the consciousness that we are one with God, and with the whole universe, is the highest blessedness. He who has this consciousness never dies, but lives the everlasting life."—*Auerbach's "On the Heights."*

"EACH is only a part of the world, a small, limited part. All around us has its due sphere of development and right; we are lords over nothing but over ourselves; and how rarely are we ever this!"—*Auerbach's "On the Heights."*

Advertisements.

PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN.

Messrs. DABNEY, MORGAN & Co., 53 Exchange Place, and M. K. JESUP & Co., 12 Pine Street, N. Y., offer for sale the Bonds of the Kansas Pacific Railway. These Bonds pay seven per cent. in Gold; have thirty years to run; are Free from Government Taxation; are secured by a Land Grant of Three Million Acres of the Finest Lands in Kansas and Colorado. In addition to this special grant the Company also owns Three Millions of Acres in Kansas, which are being rapidly sold to develop the country and improve the road. They are a first mortgage upon the extension of the road from Sheridan, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. The road in operation 437 miles long upon which it is also a mortgage *now earns more than enough net income to pay the interest on the new loan.* There is no better security in the market—this being in some respects better than Government Securities. *Principal and Interest payable in Gold.* Price 96, and accrued Interest, in Currency. Pamphlets, Maps and Circulars furnished on application.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1868.

AWARDED:

1st—ONE (of the five) GRAND PRIZE.

"Material for the Relief of the wounded in the war of 1861

IN THE DEPARTMENT, UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION

The Highest Expression of the Imperial Commission.

2d—Bronze Medal (exclusive cast) and Diploma.

DR. E. D. HUDSON.

FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)

By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY. | LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CE. FOREADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR

THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M. D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21 tf

WATERS'

NEW SCALE PIANOS,

With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge.

MELODEONS AND CABINET ORGANS.

The best Manufactured. Warranted for six years.

Pianos, Melodeons and Organs. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED FOR CASH. New 7-Octave Pianos for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs for $45 and upward. Second-hand instruments from $40 to $175. Monthly instalments received, and instruments for rent. Warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York.

RAPID SALE!

25,000 Already in Use.

The Demand Increasing!

THE

CHORAL TRIBUTE!

BY L. O. EMERSON.

Choristers and Singers unanimously agree that it surpasses al other works of Church Music by this popular author.

(Until November 1—Clergymen, Choristers and Teachers who have not yet examined this valuable work, will be supplied with a single copy at $1.25, postage paid).

Price $1.50. $13.50 per dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,

277 Washington St., Boston.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., Broadway, New York.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

THE STANDARD advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of MR. PHILLIPS, revised and corrected by himself.

THE STANDARD, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, THE STANDARD shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

AARON M. POWELL—*Dear Sir*—Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for THE STANDARD. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support. Yours, cordially,

L. MARIA CHILD.

PREMIUMS.

We offer to our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Year,	$3 00
Ten Copies to one Address, each	2 50
Twenty Copies, each,	2 00

A limited number of Advertisements will be received at the following rates:

One line, first insertion,	15 cents.
" each subsequent insertion,	10 "
" one month,	40 "
" three months,	$1 00
" one year,	3 00
Special Notices, per line,	20 cents.

Special arrangements will be made with yearly advertisers.

Subscriptions and advertisements payable in advance.

Yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

Single Copies of THE STANDARD may be had of the American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, and at the Office of Publication.

All communications should be addressed to,

A. M. POWELL,

Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,

39 Nassau Street, New York.

THE RADICAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM AND NATURAL RELIGION.

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: THE RADICAL furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movemen of the present day.

The following are among the regular or occasional

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RADICAL:

JOHN T. SARGENT,	JOHN SAVARY,
SAMUEL JOHNSON,	J. C. LEARNED,
ROBERT COLLYER,	A. E. KROEGER,
W. H. FURNESS,	JOHN W. CHADWICK,
A. BRONSON ALCOTT,	O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
GEORGE HOWISON,	MONCURE D. CONWAY,
F. E. ABBOT,	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM J. POTTER,	CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
JOHN WEISS,	T. W. HIGGINSON,
D. A. WASSON,	EVERETT FINLEY,

THE RADICAL is issued every month; each number containing 80 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers at THREE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Thirty Cents. The postage is 24 cents a year, payable at the office of delivery.

*** All communications are to be addressed. THE RADICAL, Lock Box 132, Boston, Mass.

Published by THE PROPRIETORS, 25 Broomfield street, Boston.

☞ Subscriptions for THE RADICAL and the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be received at this office, the two for $5.50 per annum. [ED. STANDARD.]

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church.)

AND

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

These foreign periodicals are regularly republished by us in the same style as heretofore. Those who know them and who have long subcribed to them, need no reminder; those whom the civil war of the last few years has deprived of their once welcome supply of the best periodical literature, will be glad to have them again within their reach; and those who may never yet have met with them, will assuredly be well pleased to receive creditable reports of the progress of European science and literature.

TERMS FOR 1868.

For any one of the Reviews	$400 per annum.
For any two of the Reviews	7.00 "
For any three of the Reviews	10.00 "
For all four of the Reviews	12.00 "
For Blackwood's Magazine	4.00 "
For Blackwood and one Review	7.00 "
For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews	10.00 "
For Blackwood and three of the Reviews	13.00 "
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	15.00 "

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the POSTAGE to any part of the United States will be but TWENTY-FOUR CENTS a year for "Blackwood," and but EIGHT CENTS a year for the Reviews.

The L. S. PUBLISHING CO. also publish the

FARMER'S GUIDE,

by HENRY STEPHENS, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. NORTON, of Yale College, 2 vols., Royal Octavo, 1600 pages, and numerous Engravings.

Price $7 for the two volumes—by mail, post-paid, $8.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.

140 Fulton St. New York.

THE "STECK" PIANOS.

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

are the standard Pianos of the day because of their unequalled sympathetic and fine quality of tone, great power, and durability of construction and beauty of finish. Guarantee five years and prices reduced.

Warerooms

STECK'S HALL,

No. 141 Eighth street, between Broadway and 4th avenue.

e-eow-1y-7

AUGUSTUS MARSHALL,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

145 Tremont street, Boston.